

# INDIAN NIGHTS



FAIRY TALES  
FAMOUS INDIAN LEGENDS



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# INDIAN NIGHTS

*Famous Indian Legends*

RETOLD BY

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and Deeds of Yesterday*

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## FOREWORD

“Indian Nights” has been written in such simple language that any boy or girl of ten or twelve can read it easily and enjoy these fantastic tales of the Red Men. The form of the famous “Arabian Nights” has been followed because it allows the book to be read as a complete unit, or each “Night” may be read as a separate story by itself. In order that the children may appreciate the full significance of these legends a few simple facts regarding the meanings and pronunciation of the Indian names are given at the end of this book.

In presenting this volume to the children of America the author has woven a number of Indian legends, compiled from various sources, into an interesting series of tales. In general the incidents related in the stories are to be found in many different forms scattered through the legendary lore of the Indian tribes of the Eastern woodland area, ranging from eastern Canada south into the states of North and South Carolina. Based as they are on the original tales told by Indian fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts, beside smoky fires in bark houses of the long ago,

they tell of the Indians' love of nature and show how distinctly the animals, birds, trees, rocks, rivers, clouds and all other manifestations of the great out-of-doors were a part of the Indians' life.

Many of the proper names used in the stories are purely fictitious, others are those borne in olden times by Indians of prominence. The names of the tribes and the places where they lived, however, are authentic and are still to be found on our maps and in our histories. But this book does not purport to be accurately historical in any sense of the word.

To those who read these revised legends and find them interesting and wish to continue further in the joy of learning the rich and colorful lore of the first inhabitants of North America, it is suggested that they get in touch with such institutions as the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York; the American Museum of Natural History, New York; or the Bureau of American Ethnology at Washington. From them can be obtained lists of other books containing additional information regarding the Indians.

ARTHUR WOODWARD  
Museum of the American Indian

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“I know not what the truth may be,  
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.”



## BACK FROM THE WAR TRAIL

Hark! Is that the sound of battle? For in the Brave Lands of the River of Broken Waters, battles were frequent.

Among the Indians of the Atlantic coast, none were braver than the powerful men of the Penacooks. The warriors, in battle and in peace, had awakened the silence of the forests. Their snowy canoes had glided over the rushing waters; their council fires had brightened the dark nights long before the white sails of Columbus had come to these shores. Yes, even before the white man across the water had dreamed of such a land and people.

Now the war-songs of the warriors

once more awakened the silence of the wilderness. The voices could be heard coming nearer and nearer. Then, out of the darkness, marched the first of the Indians, returning from the battle. The hearts of those waiting in the Indian village were now filled with excitement.

“It is Wa-Wa and his warriors!” shouted some one. “He brings captives with him—several men and a woman! She is young and beautiful! She must be a chieftain’s daughter!”

By now, all had seen that the returning warriors had indeed brought six prisoners, proud and powerful even though they were captives. You and I would have thought that they were the conquerors. They did not fear death at the hands of their captors.

And the seventh? Tell me not of Penacook beauty, nor of the glory of the East, South or North, till you have gazed

upon this Maid of the West. The brightness of the stars shone in her eyes, and the clearness of the dawn was in her cheeks. She had the grace of the willow tree when she walked and the proudness of the oak when she spoke. All about her hung the sweet smell of the wild flowers. Ah, such a beauty as this Mohawk Princess had never been seen in our land before.

What should be done with these proud captives—these Mohawk enemies of our people? The medicine men and the chiefs, the old men and the young, the women and the children gathered together in the council house to decide this question. “Death! Let them be put to death at once,” was heard on every side. No one thought of pity. No one thought of sympathy. Not an eye was dimmed with a tear.

All eyes were turned toward the beau-

tiful Mohawk Princess. I know not if young women have hearts that beat with less courage than men. This woman had seen her father, the much-feared Sachem, killed in battle. She had wept over his body, but the hour for weeping was now past. She would not weaken now.

Presently an old woman, the soothsayer of the tribe, who knew more Indian legends than any one else, moved over to the side of the maiden.

“Do you wish to live, fair maid?” she whispered.

“I have no choice,” replied the Princess. “Our Chief, Passa-con-away, has a kind heart. See!” And she pointed her long dried-up finger at a tall, majestic figure standing not far away. His powerful body was clothed in a handsome feather robe woven by the old women of his tribe. His face looked firm yet forgiving. The Mohawk Princess had never

seen a more handsome person. She knew he was the head of the Penacooks, though he had said but little.

“You have heard of Passa-con-away?” continued the old woman. “He is the handsomest, noblest and bravest of them all. He is a friend of the Great Spirit. He can stop the wind from blowing. He can kill the plant and then make it bloom. He is a man of magic. And who are you?”

“I am Winne-wa-co-nah of the Tripping Tongue,” she answered proudly. “My father was a mighty Sachem. He taught me many things of life and love. I am wise beyond my years. My father’s father’s father was a Cherokee chief. My mother’s mother’s mother was a Delaware.”

Then Alen-do-ah’s face brightened. She addressed Passa-con-away:

“Noble Sachem, hast thou heard of

Winne-wa-co-nah of the Tripping Tongue, the Maid of Western Magic?"

Passa-con-away turned at the sound of her voice. Then he looked down at the captive maiden. His heart thrilled at her beauty, and he bowed.

"Winne-wa-co-nah would like to talk to you," said the Penacook soothsayer.

"Let the men die first. Then we shall listen to her."

But this did not please the Princess.

"I have a message, O mighty Sachem," declared the girl. "When the men die, Winne-wa-co-nah dies."

There was no mistaking her words.

At that moment into the opening in the center of the council house walked a strange fox. His fur was of soft, shining silver, and from his eyes shone a pale, blue light.

Silence reigned at once. No one dared to speak. Never had any one seen so



*Winne-wa-co-nah of the Tripping Tongue, the  
Maid of Western Magic.*

bright, so fairy-like a creature. As they looked, the silver fox vanished from their view.

“Listen, Sachem, if thou wouldest know the story of this silver fox which has followed me across the rivers and through the woods from the land of the Mohawks. Listen, O ye Mighty One.”

Then, while hundreds of eyes turned toward this captive maid who dared to speak, the fox appeared once more as if by magic.

Passa-con-away grew pale beneath his copper skin. Who was this Maid of the Mohawks who had started his heart beating against his ribs like the pounding of the waterfall? And who was this magic fox that followed the beautiful maid?



## FIRST NIGHT

Winne-wa-co-nah looked intently in the direction of the six captive men of her tribe and smiled. Then, lifting her arms toward heaven, she said: O Great Spirit, give me the power and strength to tell this

### STORY OF THE SILVER FOX

Many moons ago, a Mohegan hunter returned from the chase. He told of seeing a silver fox run across his path as he was about to start on his way back to his lodge. The fox was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Taking careful aim, he tried to let fly an arrow although he regretted that he must take the life of such a handsome animal. Well might he have spared his regrets, for the arrow that had never before failed him, dropped at his feet!

It may have been his fancy, but he seemed to hear the unharmed animal laugh at him. Then, without seeming to move a foot, the fox vanished!

Other hunters, now and then, saw this wonderful silver fox. Each one described him as being more beautiful than ever before. But no one could shoot an arrow into this strange fox. Each time the animal vanished unharmed.

Among the many hunters who sought the silver fox to the neglect of all other game was Le-wa-wa. He boasted that he would capture the vanishing fox or know the reason why!

Le-wa-wa was returning from a weary chase after the wild fox when he was overtaken by a terrific thunder storm. He sought shelter under an old oak that stood in the center of a small open space in a great forest.

He knew the old oak well, for beneath

its shelter he had told the fairest maid in all the tribe of his love for her. She had listened to his fiery speech, but had failed to give him the answer that would have made him the happiest and proudest warrior among the people of her father.

The proud old tree smiled softly upon him as he paused beneath its sheltering arms. It knew others had come and met the same friendly welcome, both man and beast. It had been a favorite spot for birds. In its leafy branches they had built their nests, reared their young and flown away until another season should call them back. It had listened with a happy heart to their merry songs. Well might Le-wa-wa love the old tree.

Now, as if waving to him with open arms to come closer, the oak trembled in the breeze. Le-wa-wa was frightened. He seemed to feel that soon he must die.

The winds began to howl. The storm

grew worse and worse, while a thousand arrows of fire darted from the bow of the Great Spirit. The big old oak was now shaking fiercely; its arms clasped and unclasped. Brighter and sharper grew the flying shafts of lightning, and louder and louder grew the thunder. Finally, amid a crash that shook the very walls of the sky, the giant oak crashed to the ground.

When the storm cleared as quickly as it had risen, Le-wa-wa was surprised to discover upon the ground under the oak tree, a beautiful oaken bow. It seemed to have been carved by a hand of great skill.

Not without some fear that the bow had been placed there by some Evil Spirit, Le-wa-wa picked it up carefully. Finally, he dared to fit an arrow to it. Lo! Without any effort on his part, the arrow flew straight to the mark.

Becoming more and more used to the



*Le-wa-wa was surprised to find a beautiful  
oaken bow.*

wonderful bow that could shoot so straight, Le-wa-wa was filled with joy. He was certain of killing the fox now. Some good spirit had given him this to conquer the silver fox.

The next day, he called upon the maid he loved.

“The vanishing fox can no longer escape me,” he cried boastingly. “When I have killed him, I shall come back to marry you.”

But the Indian maid was frightened.

“It is no mortal bow!” she cried in alarm. “It is the weapon of those spirits that roam on the wings of the storm over the Red Men’s hunting grounds. Take it back to where you found it before it harms you.”

Angry at her advice, he cried, “Never will I do that! When I bring home the body of the silver fox, you will think better of your idle words.”

Everyone talked about Le-wa-wa's wonderful bow. When he started once more on his hunt for the vanishing fox, many hunters went with him, anxious to see what would happen. Strange to say, although seen by Le-wa-wa's comrades, the fox now kept away from him.

"That proves he is afraid of me. Just let me see him once, and my charmed bow will send an arrow straight to his heart," said the boastful hunter.

"Beware," warned one of his companions. "It may bring you bad luck."

Le-wa-wa laughed long and loud. As he did so, the beautiful fox arose in front of him as if by magic! Never had the fox looked so beautiful; never had his laugh sounded so strange.

No one was ever swifter than Le-wa-wa. But before he could fit an arrow to his storm-given bow, the fox was out of sight. He reappeared a moment later

but was too far away for an arrow to reach him.

The hunter ran after him. Then began the wildest chase ever looked upon by sun or moon. Always slipping away, but never out of arrow range, the silver fox played with his pursuer—all day long and far into the night.

If the hunter slowed down in the race, the fox, looking very innocent and apparently weary himself, would slow down, too. Twice Le-wa-wa was sure he had hit the creature. Seeing that the fox had finally paused by the foot of a fallen tree, Le-wa-wa took careful aim and let fly the arrow.

To his surprise, the string of the charmed bow parted with a loud snap. Though the arrow flew upon its journey, it missed the fox and struck the tree, which rattled its dry branches as if shaken by a storm. Then Le-wa-wa saw

that the tree was his old favorite oak. The fox had vanished; but above the oak Le-wa-wa saw the white ghost of his father.

The next morning some hunters returning from the chase discovered the body of Le-wa-wa the Boaster, lying on the ground. He was dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here the Princess paused. Then, pointing towards the blaze, she cried, "Look!"

Up from the ashes there arose the most beautiful fox the Indians had ever seen—rising slowly, higher and higher, until it vanished in a cloud of smoke!

"The Silver Fox! Tell us more of him, 'Winne-wa-co-nah,'" cried Passa-con-away.

"The new day is coming; it is growing light," declared Alen-do-ah.

"I am sorry that the sign is wrong, mighty Sachem," replied Winne-wa-co-nah. "You must wait until another night."

"I shall wait, Tripping Tongue. So shall the captives, one more night."



## SECOND NIGHT

I am unable to tell you the mystery of the vanishing fox. You have seen him. I know no more about him. But Winne-wa-co-nah wisely began to tell another story for fear that Passa-con-away would be displeased.

## STORY OF THE WHITE GODDESS

In the land of the Long House, where woman's council rules, lies a beautiful valley. Here and there are patches of pine forest, and spots of bare rocks pile high above each other. Toward the side near to the rising sun, steep mountains shut in the valley in that direction. A small stream follows its crooked way down through the valley, forming beau-

tiful falls as it leaps with joy on its way to the big river beyond. There the Mohawks held many a scalp dance for they believed that the Great Spirit made his home there.

On one of these war-trails which led into the country of the Delaware, they brought back many captives, including a little girl. But this girl, unlike the rest of the Delawares, had a skin as white as snow and hair that was the color of shining gold. The Mohawks were sure that this little maid was a white goddess—the gift of their Great Spirit, Mitsi-Maniteau.

Each spring she was taken to the sacred valley at the foot of Maniteau's Mountain. There she was left a week so that she might be trained under his watchful care. As she had been dressed in white at the time of her capture, so the Mohawks always kept her clothed in spotless white.

Far up and down the valley she became known as the White Goddess. The Indians came for many miles to ask her advice in matters of importance, for she was always treated as a Spirit and one with whom they could not freely associate. Thus she led a very lonely life.

Each year she grew more beautiful, but no one of the tribe dared to marry a daughter of the Great Spirit. The warriors were afraid and kept away.

One day, after she had been left alone at the foot of the sacred mountain, she was surprised by the appearance of a carefree Indian youth. He had come from a strange tribe far to the East. She was both pleased and frightened at the sight of him, and he was charmed with her.

Soon they became very happy in each other's company. So the days passed swiftly for them until the time came for



*The White Goddess was surprised by the appearance of a carefree Indian youth.*

her to return once more to the Mohawks. Her lover did not dare to go with her, but promised to return the next year.

The Mohawks saw with pleasure the look of happiness in the eyes of their goddess, but asked no questions. They thought that the Great Spirit had spoken kindly to her, which meant much good for them.

When once more the flowers were beginning to bloom, and the trees were again dressed in green for spring, the little White Goddess was taken back to the mountain. There the Mohawks hoped that the Great Maniteau would smile once more upon their White Goddess.

Scarcely had the warriors withdrawn in silence than the Penacook brave, faithful to his promise, joined the lonesome maid. Year after year these innocent meetings were kept up. Finally one moon-

lit evening the lover won the consent of the White Maid to go with him to his wig-wam by the far-away River of Broken Waters. Only happiness filled the heart of each as they lingered by the stream where they had passed so many pleasant hours.

Unfortunately, one day a Mohawk warrior spied the happy couple and ran to his chief with the news. The hearts of the Mohawks were filled with anger as they rushed forward toward the sacred spot where they had left their goddess. "Death! Death to this Penacook stranger!" they all cried.

The lovers heard the maddened Mohawks running down the trail toward them. They knew then that they had been discovered. The White Maid told her lover to flee while he might escape and leave her to meet the war-party. Thinking more of her safety than his

own, he begged her to fly with him. She hesitated, and that delay was fatal.

Before their enemies could reach them, however, the young Penacook brave fled into the gathering darkness of the forest, carrying his sweetheart in his arms. The Mohawks followed so closely that he had no hope of escape from the very start. The young brave ran faster and faster, not knowing the danger into which he was going. But the Mohawks knew the country better and followed on and on, making the valley ring with their wild yells.

Finding that he was gradually getting farther and farther ahead of his enemies, the hunted lover gained courage. Just then, to his horror, he saw that his path was being shut in on both sides by the mountains. Narrower and narrower grew the valley.

Suddenly, he found himself on the very edge of a high cliff. Far below he could

see the sharp rocks sticking up like the teeth of some hungry wolf. He was running so fast he could not stop in time to save himself from falling. But before he fell headlong down the rugged cliffside into the valley far below, he managed to push his sweetheart to safety.

The poor White Maiden, realizing the loss of her lover and the awful fate in store for her if captured, sprang out over the edge into the depths below to join her lover! The band of warriors, who were following closely, stopped just in time. When they saw what had happened, they went around another way to the foot of the precipice. There they expected to find the lifeless form of the goddess.

It was a strange sight which met their gaze. Over the cliff, which a few minutes before had been a bare, dry rock, was flowing a silver stream of sparkling

water. The spray sent up by the waterfall as it dashed on the rocks below formed a pretty rainbow of many colors.

In the midst of the rainbow, the Mohawks could see the White Goddess, looking more beautiful than ever in the veil of crystal waters which enveloped her snow-white figure. And to this day, if you stand there with the golden rays of the setting sun shining upon the fairy-like falls, you may see the White Goddess shedding pearly tears for her lost lover.

\*       \*       \*       \*

A streak of daylight showed through the tree-tops and the story-teller was silent.

“Can this be true?” asked Passa-con-away at last.

“To-morrow night I will tell you more. Wait until then, O Sachem.”



## THIRD NIGHT

“To-night I am going to tell you the story of one of your own heroes,” began Winne-waco-nah. I will tell you of

### KENEWA, THE BRAVEST OF THE PENACOOKS

Sons of the Brave Lands, this is the tale of Kenewa. This is the tale of a warrior brave as the panther in the forest. Listen then, ye Red Men. Imagine yourselves on that beautiful spring day.

Brave Walla-moosic, the runner, breaks in upon the council of the Penacooks shouting that the Mohawks are coming, led by Yellow Jacket! Are they many? Go count the trees in the forest. Count the stars of the night. Yes, more

than that are these warriors of the Mohawks.

The Sachem of the Penacooks called a council of war to plan how to meet this terrible enemy. Old men were there and young men; Medicine Men and warriors. It lasted from morn till noon, and nothing might have come of it until Kenewa rose amid the noise and excitement. Then said he:

“Listen to the words of Kenewa. He has seen battle. He has stood foot to foot with the Tarratines. He knows no fear.

“Give Kenewa one hundred warriors —his pick of the Penacook men, and he will go forth and meet Yellow Jacket on his way. He will surprise him; he will cut him down like a weed. Let the boaster come. Kenewa glories in his coming. He will glory in his going.”

Then the aged Sachem, the chief of the tribe arose and said:



*Kenewa, the Bravest of the Penacooks.*

“Kenewa has spoken wisely; Kenewa has spoken well. Let him go forth with his brave band. While he is gone, we will call together all the Penacooks to meet the Mohawks if they come.”

Kenewa was again on his feet, and he spoke sharply this time:

“The aged Sachem has spoken wisely; he has spoken well. But let Kenewa tell you that no Mohawk will ever cross the river, a day’s journey from here. If Kenewa never leads back his warriors you may know that they sleep the long sleep with the Mohawks. Sleep in peace to-night for you have nothing to fear.”

So, while the firebrand dance was held, Kenewa formed his brave legion. He had found no less than one hundred trained warriors who were ready to fight for him and, if need be, die for him. Every man armed himself, and each took with him food enough for five days.

Every man had sworn to fight, and die if necessary, to save his people. No one of all that band could come back and live if the Mohawks were not conquered.

Other bands as brave as this have gone out to battle and to death. Other bands as true as these strong sons of the Brave Lands have gone upon the war-trail to fight and die if need be; but never before had they pledged themselves to die rather than come back if the foe escaped.

While the songs of victory were chanted and the Medicine Men looked to the Great Spirit for help, Kenewa and his legion started out toward the rising sun. Between two lines of old men, young men, women and children, this brave hundred went forth to meet their fate.

Oh, the anxious days that followed—days that were filled with sorrow. The sun rose and set. The moon dragged

herself up and down the sky until only a rim remained. Still no word from Kenewa!

Neither was there sign of Yellow Jacket!

Had they met? If so, what had been the end? Knowing the vow Kenewa had made, every one knew.

One day, a hunter, wandering farther from camp than usual, heard faintly in the distance the war-song of a chieftain. It was a Penacook song—Kenewa's battle hymn!

The hunter rushed forward, fearing he might be too late. Soon he discovered one of Kenewa's legion by the river bank, where he had crawled to drink.

At sight of the hunter, the dying warrior raised his head and smiled.

“Kenewa!” cried the hunter, as he lifted the warrior's head gently in his arms.

“Kenewa—ah, he keep his word. Kenewa will never return.”

“And his legion?”

“They will never return.”

“And Yellow Jacket?”

“He has also gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds with Kenewa.”

“The Mohawks? Did any of them escape?”

“A few. They buried the dead—Kenewa’s men and Yellow Jacket’s. They kept their word.”

The dying warrior’s voice grew fainter.

“I must talk fast,” he murmured. “Tell the Sachem that Kenewa kept his word. He surprised the Mohawks where the big rock overlooks the river. We fought long; we fought well. One by one—” The listener knew what was coming.

“Only Yellow Jacket—with a handful of his men remained. Only Kenewa

of us was left. The dead lay shoulder high in front of him. Then the Mohawk said: 'Let the brave Penacook and me settle this. Kenewa has already saved the Penacooks. If I fall, carry the news of this battle to my chief.'"

"So they fought as warriors fight, long and fiercely. At last, as the red sun was setting, Yellow Jacket fell, as falls the oak on the hillside. And Ken-e-wa—he fell—b-r-a-v-e K-en-e-w-a!"

The last of Kenewa's legion—his lost legion—was dead! No more mighty they ever know of that immortal hundred.

\*       \*       \*       \*

"Can you tell us more of Kenewa and his legion?" asked the sachem of the Penacooks.

"No more," replied Winne-wa-co-nah. "But I can tell you of the wonderful wisdom of Wah-co-nah, the friend of Massasoit, if Passacon-away will wait until another night."

"One more night I will wait and listen to your stories," he replied.



## FOURTH NIGHT

When the circle of listeners had again seated themselves, Winne-wa-co-nah began the story of

### THE WISDOM OF WAH-CO-NAH

Massasoit, the great Sachem of a mighty people, sat in his doorway smoking his favorite pipe. Although a great leader in battle, Massasoit loved peace. He had fought long and he had fought well, but between the whiffs of smoke he began to think of some way to end war.

Only yesterday he had signed a peace with the handful of Pale Faces who had come across the big pond. He was tired, and he wanted rest. His warriors were weary of war. Even Wah-co-nah, the

joy of his lodge, had asked him if he must fight always.

As Massasoit sat there smoking, a stranger suddenly appeared before him. He was an enemy—a Mohawk chieftain. Massasoit smoked on, as if he was not pleased to have a visitor.

“I am Taconia, a ruler among my people,” declared the newcomer as he offered his pipe to Massasoit to show that he had brought a message of peace.

Massasoit pretended not to see it, but he listened to hear what more the chief had to say.

“No lodge pole holds as many scalps as Taconia’s,” said the stranger, who was boasting now.

Seeing that this had no effect upon Massasoit, the visitor then continued:

“The Mohawks are great warriors, and they are many. Massasoit’s warriors are worn out. Taconia and his warriors

have come to help him. Taconia is tired of war."

Then the sly old chief gave his pipe once more to Massasoit. This time he took it.

Massasoit drew a long, deep breath. Then he blew the smoke upward. This meant that he was friendly. The Mohawk was pleased.

"Massasoit is wise. With Taconia fighting for him, he can conquer his enemies. Wah-co-nah, the Bright Star, shall keep the lodge of Taconia!"

Massasoit knew at once why his old enemy had now come to him as a friend. He knew, too, that with Taconia he could defeat his foes. It was a bitter dose to swallow, but before Taconia went away the bargain was made. Taconia was to help Massasoit fight his battles, and Wah-co-nah was to become the wife of Taconia.

When Wah-co-nah was told of this, she was very sad. But her father was determined to have his way. So preparations were begun for a great wedding.

Wah-co-nah took no interest in these arrangements. Instead, she passed most of the time beside a tumbling waterfall near the Red Men's town. There was no sadness in the singing waters. The birds here sang merrily and made Wah-co-nah forget her troubles.

Finally the day came when Wah-co-nah went to the waterfall to say farewell. Her father with a band of warriors, had gone to meet the Mohawk chief, who was coming to claim her as his wife. Taconia brought with him a large number of his followers. The marriage feast was to take place that very night.

Wah-co-nah stood by the little pool be-

low the falls. There she had often watched herself reflected in the still waters. Now, as she saw her face in the clear stream, she was surprised to see how bright her eyes looked. Surely her eyes were not sad, even if her heart was heavy.

While she stood there looking into the pool, a chief's plume suddenly appeared above her head! Then the face of a young Mohegan Indian came close to hers. It was the handsomest face she had ever seen.

She did not scream, for she was not afraid. But she was surprised to see this young man beside her. Then as he smiled down at her, her sorrow left her, and her heart was filled with gladness once more.

“Be not afraid, Bright Eyes,” said the newcomer. “I am here to save you. My band of friends, every one of them a

brave warrior, are near. They are mightier than the old men who follow Taconia. I know why Taconia comes. Am I welcome at your lodge?"

"My father has already gone to meet Taconia, the Mohawk. But I bid you welcome to the lodge of Massasoit."

The surprise of Massasoit and his Mohawk ally was great when Wah-co-nah brought her new-found friend back to the lodge of her father. But they knew the strength of these powerful Mohegans and said nothing.

The Mohegan youth lost no time in going straight to Massasoit and asking for Wah-co-nah as his wife. He, in turn, promised to Massasoit as great assistance as Taconia could offer. But Massasoit did not dare to answer.

The Medicine Man, who had come with Taconia to perform the marriage ceremony, suggested a way to choose be-

tween the two chieftains. "Let the Great Spirit decide," he said.

Just below the waterfall the stream divided where a small island split the river into two. The Medicine Man proposed that an empty canoe be started down the stream some distance above. Should the canoe go down the right side of the island, Wah-co-nah should then marry Taconia, the Mohawk chief. Should it go to the left, she should become the wife of the Mohegan chief.

To make it perfectly fair, neither chief was to visit the place until after the decision had been reached. This appeared so fair that all agreed to it at once. The trial was to take place the following morning at sunrise.

To celebrate the coming marriage of Wah-co-nah, a dance was held which continued until late into the night. But Wah-co-nah did not feel like joining in

the merriment although it was given in her honor. She was restless and uneasy. When she tried to sleep, she was frightened by strange dreams.

Towards morning she arose and, wrapping her blanket about her, stole away to her favorite spot by the river bank. To her surprise, upon reaching the place she discovered that Taconia's Medicine Man was already there. What was he doing!

She drew back among the tall grasses and watched with interest. She saw him place a row of stones across the left stream so that the canoe would have to go down the right side; and the Indian maid would belong to Taconia.

Wah-co-nah remained quiet while she watched the work of the Medicine Man with hatred in her heart.

“So that is the way he would leave it to the Great Spirit to decide!” she



*Wah-co-nah removed the stones that the  
Medicine Man had placed so carefully.*

thought. "I guess the Great Spirit will be better pleased if Wah-co-nah helps him decide."

As soon as the wicked Medicine Man had gone away, she stole from her hiding place and removed the stones he had placed so carefully. Then she placed a small but strong rope of deer hide across the right side. The canoe would now have to turn to the left, and she would become the bride of the handsome young Mohegan. As soon as this was done, she ran quietly back to her wigwam.

At dawn a crowd had already gathered below the little island, waiting for the coming of the canoe. The Medicine Man and Taconia both stood on the right side, sure of success. A short distance away stood the Mohegan chief, praying to the Great Spirit for help.

Suddenly, a great shout broke from the crowd as the canoe came into sight.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Tripping Tongue paused in her story-telling. Every one turned his eyes toward her as if to say, "Well, on which side of the island was the canoe?" But Winne-wa-co-nah only said, "The day is breaking in the east, mighty Sachem. We must wait until to-morrow."

"Must it always be to-morrow?" asked Passa-con-away, looking sadly at the beautiful Princess.

"Always," she answered.

Passa-con-away bowed his head, and the circle of listeners knew that it was time to depart.



## FIFTH NIGHT

“The canoe was coming down the left side, and Wah-co-nah knew that she was safe and happy,” began Tripping Tongue as the Pe-nacooks had taken their places around her once more on the following night.

“Taconia’s heart was filled with anger as he led his men back to his tribe, but the Great Spirit had spoken and he dared not disobey. Those who remained behind, even Massasoit, were very happy, and the happiest of all were Wah-co-nah and her Mohegan lover.

“Now I am going to tell you the strange story of the man who slept half of his life and never knew it.”

## IDALWIN’S LONG SLEEP

Many, many moons ago, Idalwin was the Sachem of the Amer-scoggins; yet he did not care for the pleasure of fishing, and he never went hunting like the

others. All through the sunlit days, he would sit in his wigwam doorway and smoke his big pipe. Then he was happy.

When one smoke was ended, he refilled his pipe and smoked again. The children played on his knee while he laughed and told them stories. The young men called to him as they went off to hunt the wild beasts of the forest, but he only sat there and smiled. His squaw scolded him, but he only sat there and smoked and nodded, and nodded and smoked. Finally, he would fall asleep.

He was sitting there between two sleeps one hazy morning in spring, when Tausau came by.

“Come with me, Idalwin,” said Tausau, shaking him by the shoulder. “We shall go fishing on Tree Water Pond.”

Now, Idalwin loved Tausau like a brother. So when Tausau asked him for the tenth time, he arose and followed.

They soon came to Dead River where Tausau pulled a canoe out of the bushes. Together they paddled up the stream until they came to Tree Water Pond.

No fairer spot could be found in all the valley of Dead Waters. Its shores were fringed by the forests that were reflected in the quiet waters of the pond. This gave it the name of Tree Water Pond.

There the fishermen paddled and fished until they grew weary of the sport. Idalwin was beginning to feel tired and longed for a comfortable sleep. Just then he saw a beautiful animal standing ankle deep in the clear water near the distant shore.

“Look, Tausau!” cried Idalwin. “Did you ever see so beautiful a deer?”

“A deer, foolish man! That is a wolf!” replied Tausau.

“We are both wrong!” cried Idalwin.  
“It is a fox!”

“It is neither fox nor wolf! Look!  
It is Lox, the mischief-maker. Where  
are you going?” shouted Tausau in  
alarm, for Idalwin had seized his paddle  
and forgetting his fish, forgetting every-  
thing else, had begun to paddle the canoe  
toward the strange animal.

“No—no! It will send us on the long  
trail!” Tausau shouted again. But Idal-  
win would not listen.

They were now so near that the animal  
could be plainly seen waiting for them to  
come nearer. Tausau was badly fright-  
ened by this time.

“I dare not go any nearer!” he cried.  
“It will surely kill us!” Then seeing that  
his friend meant to keep on going, Tau-  
sau plunged over the side of the canoe  
into the water.

But Idalwin still kept on, until the

animal, whether it had been wolf or Lox, suddenly vanished as quickly as it had appeared. In its place upon the blue water floated a beautiful canoe made of the finest summer birch and inside lay a little child.

Idalwin stopped paddling, but the other canoe glided nearer and nearer to him. The amazed man looked into the smiling eyes of a little girl not more than two years of age. She smiled at him as she lay there and cooed softly.

By and by Idalwin gained courage to pick up the little child.

“I will go back and find Tausau,” he thought, “and then we shall take this baby to my lodge. I am certain that my squaw will be glad I brought her.”

To his surprise he could find no trace of Tausau. He searched until he was tired. He shouted Tausau’s name and the echo from the mountain answered,



*"We shall take this baby to my lodge," thought Idalwin.*

“Gone!” He laid down beneath a big pine tree, with the baby girl beside him. He meant only to rest for a little while, but he must have fallen asleep.

He dreamed that slowly, day by day, the little child grew into beautiful womanhood. He loved her so much now that he feared to go home. His squaw might be angry. When he awoke, he was not surprised to find a beautiful Indian maiden sitting beside him, singing softly.

“You have slept long,” she said gently, “but I am glad you have awakened.”

He reached out to touch her, but she slipped out of his reach and stood by the water’s edge. Then he tried to rise to his feet, but to his surprise he was stiff and unable to stand at first. Finally when he tried to walk, his limbs pained him so much that he had to sit down again.

“The ground must have been damp,” he thought. Then he saw across the pond the strange wolf or Lox.

“The same animal I saw this morning,” he said to himself.

He called to the beautiful Indian maid, but there was no answer. Then as he looked again, he saw her standing by Lox.

“Strange!” he thought. “I shall take the canoe and go home before it becomes too dark.” But when he looked for the canoe it was not to be found.

“It must have floated away. I shall have to walk home now. It is not very far.”

Just then he noticed a long beard falling down from his chin and cheeks. It was iron gray.

“Strange,” he repeated.

His hair, too, reached to his waist and was snow-white.

“Strange,” he said for the third time.

“It all comes back to me now. I remember it all: Tausau, the deer, wolf, Lox, the girl in the other canoe. Ah, yes! Tausau jumped into the water and vanished. I laid down to sleep for a few minutes. When I awoke after a short sleep, the baby had grown to be a woman. It is strange, strange, strange!”

Idalwin started slowly for home through the forest. His stiffened legs almost refused to move. His feet soon grew tired, and he walked with difficulty.

“I did not think it was so far,” he said at last. The moon was now high overhead. “Here is where I lived this morning. No, it cannot be! There is not a wigwam in sight. All is still, so still.”

He wandered all night long, not daring to lie down for fear he should fall asleep again. Now he was afraid of sleep.

In the morning he called to a hunter

that he saw in the distance. When the hunter stopped, Idalwin went to him and told his story.

The hunter shook his head.

“I know of no village within a day’s walk of here, old man.”

“I am not an old man,” returned Idalwin sharply. “I left home only yesterday to fish. Have you never heard of Idalwin?”

“Oh! He was my lazy father. He went away one morning with Tausau to fish in Tree Water Pond, but he never came back. That was many, many moons ago.”

“Was he really your father? Are you Latoka, then, and did you know Tausau?”

“Yes, I am Latoka. Tausau went fishing with my father one day, but he came back to say that father was drowned while looking for Lox. Tausau was

killed later when the Sokoki raided our village. We live a long way towards the setting sun now."

"How is your mother?"

"She has been dead for a long time."

"Lead me to where you live. Some one must remember Idalwin."

\* \* \* \*

Seeing that the light of a new day was brightening the sky, Winne-wa-co-nah became silent.

"Tell us what happened to Idalwin of the long sleep," asked Passa-con-away.

"Not until night comes again," replied the story-teller.

"We shall wait till then," said the chief.



## SIXTH NIGHT

"So Idalwin followed his guide," began Winne-wa-co-nah at the next sitting. "He soon became weary, like an old man, yet he said nothing. At last, they came to the village, but no one came out to greet Idalwin. Finally, he found one old man that remembered him. As the days went by, they sat and talked and wondered, as old men talk of the years that have gone by. But no one could tell the secret of Idalwin's long sleep, or the girl, or Lox."

Now, lordly master, if you will listen, I will tell you the story of

## THE OAK AND THE DRYAD

Where the noisy brook flowed under the leafy shadows to whisper its sweet stories brought from the hills; where the rosy beams of morning light kissed the dew upon the fern; where the golden ar-

rows of sunset pierced the clouds, a mighty oak tree kept watch over the hills and valleys in the days of long ago.

The rains of summer, the snows of winter, the winds of the Northland and the suns of the Southland had played at hide and seek among its strong arms. It laughed at the storms that tossed its branches about, and smiled down upon the fairies who played in its shade.

The old Oak was loved and respected by one and all, for happiness was believed to have been stored in its great heart. The Oak had never told its secrets to others as the brook was constantly doing, but the old tree was lonely.

It was true the frisky squirrel, in return for the sweet nuts the Oak had given him for his winter store, had skipped merrily along its arms reaching out so high. The birds had sung their songs in its cooling shadows. Once a pair of cuck-

oos had built their nest near by and had reared their young. There the tired fox, worn with the day's wild chase, had been glad to find a resting place. And there, too, the hunted wolf, weak and hungry, had crawled and rested until he had gained strength for battle.

Still the old Oak was lonely. No maiden had ever come to tell it her troubles and ask for help. Was not the Oak the warrior tree? Had not the Red Men held their councils of war there? Why should loving hearts not seek help from it?

Now it happened that the Oak was not alone in its sorrow. Other hearts were also sad.

Not many arrows' flight away there was a tribe of Red Men ruled over by the Chief of the Stony Heart. A powerful leader he was, in peace or in war. On the war-trail or in his lodge he

was stern and unforgiving. He was never known to laugh; he was never known to shed a tear. The Indians all said he had a heart of stone.

But in the wigwam of Stony Heart dwelt a beautiful maiden—his daughter. She was weeping. Her father had been cruel to her. He had not listened to the pleadings of her young heart. She could not have the young Indian brave whom she loved. Instead he offered her an old chief for a husband—older than he of the rocky heart, and brave only in battle. Many scalps hung at his belt, and he ruled over a mighty tribe in the mountains, but the maiden could not love one so old and ugly.

When the young maiden refused him, the old chief wanted her more than ever. He begged her father to make her marry him. Chief Stony Heart was very angry to think that his daughter should disobey

him. But the young girl said she could not marry the old chief because she loved a younger and more handsome warrior, and that she meant to marry only him.

“What has your young warrior to offer?” asked her father. “Nothing! My old friend, on the other hand, is powerful and has led his people wisely.”

“But my lover, Wa-wa-kan, is young. He is brave. Give him time and he will add honor to the Chief of the Stony Heart.”

The heart of the father was as stone. He would not listen to his daughter. When he had left her, the maiden’s eyes were filled with tears.

Not long after, a war was begun, and Wa-wa-kan went with the old chief. Then, when the warriors returned, he came not with them. He had fallen in the thick of the fight. At least, that was what her father told her. But the old

chief, who hoped to win her, told a different story of what had happened to her lover. She knew that they were both lying.

If her father thought that she would marry the old chief now, he was wrong. On the day he had planned for the wedding, the maiden was missing.

They searched everywhere for her, but no sign of her was to be found.

The Medicine Man said that the Great Spirit had taken pity on her and had lifted her to the Happy Hunting Grounds to dwell with her lover, Wa-wa-kan, evermore. So her aged lover mourned for her in vain and lived the length of his days and died, believing this to be the truth.

Was it true? Ask the summer rose that saw her trip swiftly down to the bank of the brook. Ask the singing bird that sang his songs to her in the forest.

Ask the deer that led her into the valley, down to the lonely Oak.

The Oak saw and welcomed her.  
"Tell me your story, fair maiden. Why do you weep?"

"I am lonely—the loneliest person in the world," she cried.

"Now the eyes of your heart are blind, for it is not you, but I—I am the loneliest one in the world."

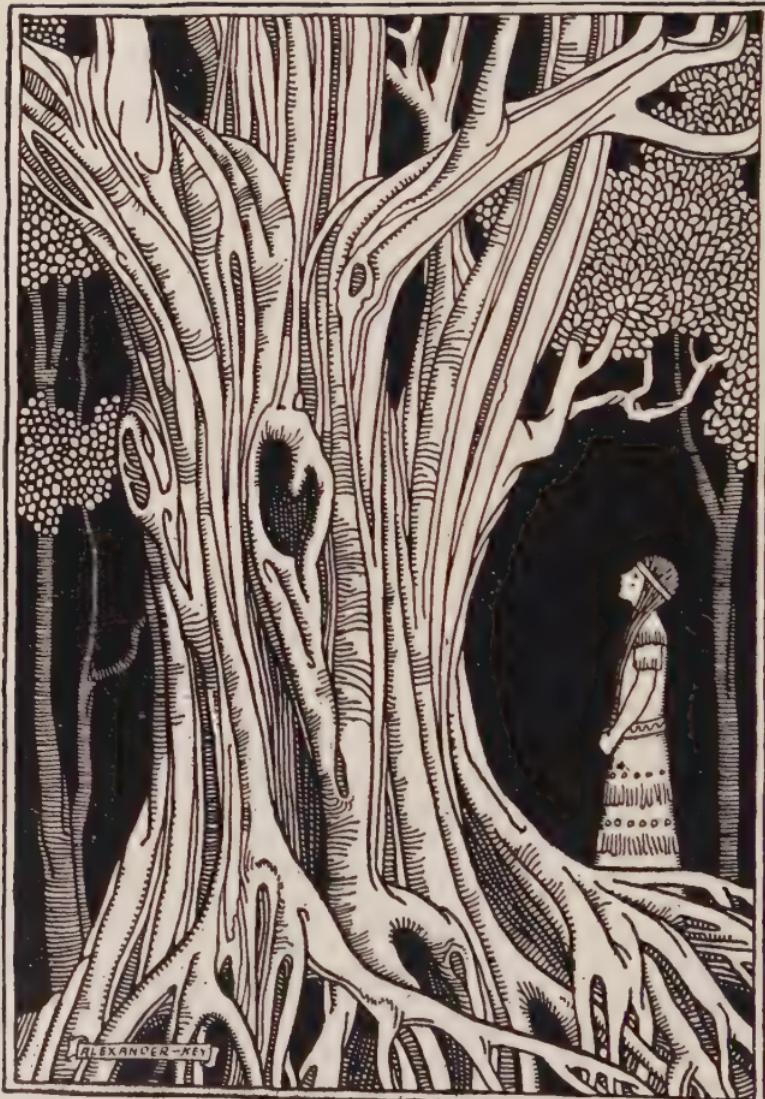
"You have not loved and lost!" she wept.

"I have not loved at all! Tell me, who is the lonely one? She who has known love and carries its memory in her heart, or he who has not even the memory of love to lighten his hours of loneliness?"

Her eyes opened and she understood.

"Forgive me, dear Oak, I did not know; I could not."

"I, too, see," it whispered softly.  
"Come to these lonely arms, come to this



*"I will guard you through sun and storm, and  
you shall always be happy," said the Oak.*

lonely heart, and it shall be forever light! I will guard you through sun and storm, through war and peace, and you shall always be happy. Come to me, my sweetheart."

\* \* \* \*

Here Winne-wa-co-nah paused, for the light was breaking in the east and she knew that she must stop.



## SEVENTH NIGHT

The maid seemed to have been lifted on magic arms as the old Oak's heart opened wide. In she went, and lived happily there forever after.

Some say they have seen her, at the hour of sunset, as she steps out from the Oak and goes skipping down to the brook. There she sits for hours bathing her feet in the flowing water and braiding and unbraiding her coal-black hair.

Now I will tell you about

## THE ORIGIN OF CORN

Many, many years ago there was a time when all the creatures of the earth were sad, for it had not rained in many, many moons. Water became scarce. Ponds became dry, and rivers ceased to

flow. The fish and all the birds and animals began to die. Then as the Red Men saw that they must perish, the wise men pleaded with the Great Spirit: "Help us, O Mitsi-Maniteau, we are dying!"

That day as the sun was setting, a young and beautiful maiden appeared in the midst of the Red Men. She was tall, soft-eyed, fair-skinned, with beautiful golden hair hanging down to her feet. The sight of her made the young men forget their hunger; the old men looked down upon her and said nothing; the women were filled with jealous anger.

She had known no hunger from lack of meat; no thirst from water that had vanished. She smiled sweetly at each Indian brave as one after another begged her to marry him, but she would not say, "Yes." Finally she met Unalaska, the chief's son. It was love at first sight,

and soon they were wed. He was now the happiest youth in the village.

But Unalaska's happiness was very short, for it was not many days before the young wife would rise while he slept and steal out of his wigwam. She would not return until the morning came. Unalaska wondered where she went. At last he determined to follow her.

With light steps she led him through the village and into the dark forest, on and on, until she came to the dried up river. There she stood for several minutes, braiding her long, silken hair, and singing sweet songs that he could not understand. Finally she stole silently away into the forest on the further bank and disappeared.

Unalaska did not know where his beautiful wife had gone, so he stood by the river, thinking and hoping that she might return. It was very quiet as he

sat there; not a sound could be heard any place, but it seemed as if at last the rain would fall.

An hour later, an hour that seemed to him like an age, passed. Then the sound of a strange song could be heard like some wild bird that had lost its young. The song suddenly changed to the wailing of the wind, sweeping over the waste land, and then to the moaning of the storm, rolling across the distant plain.

The young husband knew that it was the voice of his wife, and waited. Soon she appeared, looking more beautiful than ever. But there was something about her that made Unalaska feel that his wife was not an Indian—she was a goddess sent by the Great Spirit.

As she paused on the opposite bank, he saw what looked to him like a small snake around her ankle. He was frightened and sprang forward to save

her. But before he had reached the dry river bottom a great stream of water came rushing down the valley. He saw that the water was alive with fish, and that many animals had come down to the water to drink.

His cry had been heard by his wife. Waving her hand to him, she jumped into the river and began to swim across. He stood waiting for her until she had reached the shallow water on his side.

He rushed forward with open arms to welcome her. What he had thought was a snake clinging to her ankle was really a long, slender green leaf. Before he could take her in his arms a change had taken place. The river had suddenly been robbed of its water, the fish had vanished, the birds and animals had disappeared, and the forest was as silent as ever!

Nor was this change more sudden or

greater than that which had come over his young, loving wife. Instead of greeting him, she sat down upon a rock and pulled her long, golden hair about her. Then she began to cry.

The heart of Unalaska was touched by her tears. He threw himself at her feet and begged her to tell him what was the matter. Was there anything he could do? He would give his life for her happiness. He was ready to die for her.

She threw back her mass of bright golden hair. Then, laying her hand on his head, she said in a tone that he never forgot:

“My dear husband, these have been happy days I have spent with you, but my duty calls. I am Mazee, the daughter of the Great Spirit. I was sent here to save your people from death. In order to do this, you must do your part. First of all you must kill me and then

drag my body over the rough ground until my flesh is worn from my bones. Then bury me and watch over me until the growing grain shall rise from my grave. It is your duty to obey."

It was more than he could do. He was willing to suffer and die, but he could not take the life of one he loved so much. In vain did she plead with him.

A council of the young men was called, but no one could be found who would do such a terrible thing. A council of the old men was then called. But even the bravest man there, he who had many scalps, would not do it.

Unalaska seized a stone axe by the handle and swung it over his head to show how easily it might be done. A cry of pain came from behind him. Turning, he saw his young wife, Mazee, whose beauty outshone the stars, lying there. Somehow, she had entered the



*"I am the daughter of the Great Spirit. I was sent here to save your people from death," she said.*

tent unseen and so had been struck by the axe.

As her husband, with eyes full of tears, threw his arms about her and begged her forgiveness, she kissed him and whispered softly:

“Unalaska, my loved one, I am dying; but if you do as I have told you, I will be with you always.”

So when she had died, Unalaska dragged her beautiful body over the ground and buried her as she had told him. Then, he watched over her grave by day and by night, until he was too weak to walk and had to crawl to the place.

By and by, her body began to appear in green leaves which grew and grew until there were ears of yellow corn upon the stalks. Then came the beautiful corn with golden hair like the hair of Mazee. The Indians knew this corn was

good to eat. The Great Spirit had been kind to them. Now they would not starve. The following season they planted the corn and—

\*       \*       —       \*       \*

Here Winne-wa-co-nah suddenly paused for the day was breaking.



## EIGHTH NIGHT

"Water again flowed cheerily along the rivers and the woods were filled with birds and animals," began Tripping Tongue the following night. The Indians called the corn maize. They believed it was a gift of the Great Spirit.

This gift they guarded carefully. It was no uncommon sight to see the women of the tribe walking about the cornfield, dragging a blanket after them to drive away enemies of the gift of Mazee, the Savior of the Red Men.

To-night I am going to tell you the story of

## THE SACHEM OF THE WHITE PLUME

The Sokoki of the Vale of the Ossip-ee had a Sachem who was known as the White Plume. He had never gone

to battle as other chiefs and warriors had done. While they did the fighting, he would climb the nearest mountain and there look out over the world and dream of great deeds of the future. By and by his comrades began to laugh at him and called him "White Feather," which means "One Who Is Afraid."

He did not become angry at this, as others might have been. He only smiled and told them that his day of glory had not yet come.

One day, a messenger came to the wigwams of the Sokoki with the news that their enemies in great numbers were on their way.

Whenever did a Sokoki fail to do his duty? Never! Straightway, they gathered together and marched bravely away to meet the enemy. The only man who remained behind was he of the Snowy Plume.

“Stay, White Feather, you chieftain for old men, squaws and children!” shouted the warriors as they left for the battle.

White Plume silently climbed to the top of his favorite tall tree and waited and watched. From there he could see the entire valley of the Os-sip-ee.

White Plume had not been there long before he discovered the enemy coming up the valley. He saw with alarm that the runner had not waited to count half of the great army that was upon them.

White Plume also saw what these enemies were doing. A small number had been sent to hold back the Sokoki. The others came by another way to the village where only old men and squaws had been left to watch over the fields and homes of the warriors.

Did the Chief of the Snowy Plume show the white feather then? Did he plan to remain in his hiding place where

he would be safe, while the rest of the tribe were being massacred? To all of these questions but one answer can be given—No!

He stayed there only long enough to learn the direction that the enemy would take, and then ran to the spot that seemed made for his purpose. You may have seen this small pass in the mountains where the rocks are piled high on either side. Not more than two men can walk through it side by side. It seemed to have been made for single encounters.

By a steep rock which has stood as a monument to his memory, White Plume took his station. When the first Tarratine appeared, he challenged him to combat with hatchet and spear.

The army of the Tarratines paused in fear, but seeing only a single Sokoki, quickly shouted yells of triumph. The chief eagerly accepted the challenge of

White Plume, and the greatest battle ever fought by a single warrior then began. Speedily the first victim fell and then the second, the third and the fourth. The Tarratines now realized that they had been stopped by a messenger of the Death Spirit.

White Plume defeated his enemies one by one as fast as they came within the reach of his mighty battle axe. When the pass was heaped high with the dead, the maddened Tarratines climbed over the top of the human wall. They thought that their enemy must surely be tired now. But the strange battle continued all day long.

Finally came the twilight in the Vale of the Os-sip-ee. The only light was the moon above. There were no wild cries then; only the death yell of a warrior as he fell beneath the blows of the grim slayer. All night long the battle continued, and the break of a new day saw the White

Plume still battling. His snowy plume was now dyed a deep crimson. Still this single warrior showed no signs of weakening. His arm must have had the strength of the oak to withstand such a siege.

The Tarratines finally withdrew to a little distance, where they held a council. They all agreed that this powerful warrior of the Snowy Plume must be overcome. The time was near when he would have to yield.

The chief of the Snowy Plume, however, gave no sign of weakening until the sun began to set. The remaining Tarratines were now certain that he of the Snowy Plume must be a god. But as they turned to flee, a far-reaching yell rang up and down the valley. The Sokoki were returning!

Their retreat cut off, the Tarratines decided to attack the chief of the Snowy

Plume by a grand rush. They bravely rushed forward, but fell like the trees of the forest before the autumn tempest.

When the Sokoki finally arrived, only their warrior of the Snowy Plume remained standing. There were many brave warriors in that army of Sokoki, but they stood speechless before that awful scene. Then, the woods rang with their cries of admiration.

Suddenly, a strange thing occurred. A great white bird with mighty wings swooped down into the valley. No one could tell just how it was done, but White Plume was lifted upward. Then, as the bird mounted slowly into the sky, White Plume called to his wondering companions.

“Farewell, brothers, farewell! I go to the Happy Hunting Grounds of my Spirit father. Some day, when you need me most, I shall return to you if you will



*“Farewell!” called White Plume. “I go to the  
Happy Hunting Grounds.”*

but call me. I shall help you once more to defeat your enemies. Farewell!"

They saw him slowly rise up and up on the wings of the strange, white bird until his body was but a speck in the sky. Then he vanished and nevermore was seen by them.

From father to son, and from son to son's son, was this story of the White Plume kept alive.<sup>and</sup> It seemed the day would never come when he would be called back.

The Sokoki continued to be the mighty people of the North. No warrior so bold, no hunter so mighty that he dared to fight with them. But in the Far East still dwelt the sons of the Tarratines who had not forgotten the defeat that their father's fathers had suffered. Finally, they persuaded the Amer-scoggins to help them in battle against the Sokoki.

This time the Sokoki were prepared

when the enemy came. Old men and squaws fought that day as only a people can fight when life is at stake. But the Tarratines and the Amer-scoggins were as numerous as the blades of grass on the hillside.

For every Tarratine that fell, two took his place. The Sokoki felt that their people would be swept from the earth. Then, when the battle raged the fiercest, the Sachem of the Sokoki cried to White Plume to come back to help his people once more.

Hardly had the call been given before a deep shadow passed over the sun. The hearts of the Tarratines were filled with terror as they remembered what the chief of the White Plume had done to their fathers before them. They feared the storm which they could already hear growing louder and louder. The fight did not last long. As the black-winged

chariot of White Plume swept over the field of battle, the Tarratines fell like dead leaves before an autumn gale. But the Sokoki remained unharmed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here Winne-wa-co-nah became silent until another night.



## NINTH NIGHT

It was again midnight. Darkness hung her black robe over the earth as if Nature had some wonderful secrets to tell. Winne-wa-co-nah began:

The joy of the Sokoki was quickly changed to sorrow as they saw their chief of the Snowy Plume fall from his black-winged chariot to the ground below. There he lay—dead upon the field of honor. Amid much weeping and sorrowing, they buried their great hero.

Often in the evening of an early autumn day, when the early frosts have tipped the maple leaves with crimson, the sound of a mighty battle is heard. The earth trembles; the sun grows dark and the waters of the lakes become moved as if by a storm. Then the Sokoki know that White Plume is fighting the battles of his people once more.

I will now tell you, Winne-wa-co-nah continued, how we happen to have strawberries to eat.

## THE ORIGIN OF BERRIES

Long ago man lived only upon flesh and fish and water. There were no sweet dishes, no maize, no melons, no tobacco and no berries.

In those days lived Atto-tar-ho and his wife, Waunada. They were the first man and woman. They never quarreled. He made a lodge out of poles and cedar and spruce boughs. If they were not comfortable, they did not complain for they knew nothing better.

Atto-tar-ho went out hunting each day, and his wife cooked the meat. He had only his bow and arrows, but these seemed enough. Waunada kept his lodge clean and cosy. She made garments from the skins of the animals he killed, and they were warm. They had no fear of other men. By and by chil-

dren came, and these were welcome. Atto-tar-ho and his wife were happy.

So the moons changed, and one by one the days went on until our friends began to grow tired of their easy lives. Waunada began to see faults in her husband. He forgot only yesterday to bring her the gum from the leaning spruce that grew at the foot of the high hill. He was less careful in the care of his clothes. He tore his fur overcoat, and he had not told her about it. The wild fruits were not as sweet as they had been. Foolishly, she blamed him for this. The venison was tough. The wood was wet. The fire did not burn. Waunada was angry.

Nor was this trouble all on one side. Atto-tar-ho had become more fault-finding. Waunada did not cook to suit him. He forgot that his appetite had changed. His deer skin jacket did not fit him. His wigwam was not kept as he wanted it

to be kept. Every little thing that went wrong became an excuse for bitter words.

The joy and happiness of life had fled like the deer that had escaped his arrow. The leaves of the forest had lost their freshness, the brook was scalding, the sun was growing dark.

One day he returned from his chase tired and hungry, but he found his lodge empty. There was no woman to cheer him. The children had grown to manhood and womanhood and had gone their ways. So his cabin echoed only to the sound of his footsteps. Everywhere he went, it said, "Gone! Gone! Gone!"

Atto-tar-ho cooked his venison, but it did not taste very well. He lighted his pipe, but he could not smoke. He sat in his wigwam door at the set of the sun, but there was no beauty there. The old man was like the pine that stood on the hilltop. He was lonely.

Atto-tar-ho began to think of the happy days now gone forever. He thought of Waunada's kindness: how she had mended his moccasins; how she had filled his pipe; how she had comforted him when he was sick; and how she had fed him when he was well.

Then he remembered how cross he had been to her. It is true he had been tired, but he should not have spoken so angrily. He remembered how impatient he had been when she was sick. He knew now he loved her even as he had loved her in the early days of their married life. Great tears of sorrow and sadness filled his eyes. That night as he dreamed of his beloved Waunada, he thought that the Great Spirit came and stood over him.

“Why are you weeping?” asked Maniteau.

“My wife has left me. I am alone,” he replied.

“She was growing old and her feet did not move as they did when you were first married.”

“The more reason why she should be with me now, so I may wait upon her,” replied Atto-tar-ho.

“You spoke angrily to her.”

“I did, Master, to my shame and sorrow. I am lonely now without her.”

“You might scold her again should she return.”

“I have seen my mistake, Master. I shall never lose my patience again. Where has she gone?”

“Toward the rising sun! She has traveled far, but go find her and bring her back.”

The words of the Great Spirit of his dream left a deep impression upon Atto-tar-ho. He arose early the next morn-

ing and started out to look for his lost wife, but he could find no trace of her. The words of the Great Spirit were very real. She had gone far away.

While Atto-tar-ho was trying to find Waunada, the Great Spirit knew that the warrior really loved his wife and decided to bring her back to him. First, he planted a blueberry bush loaded with beautiful, ripe fruit ready for picking by the side of the path along which he knew she would go.

The runaway wife kept on her way, looking neither to the right nor left. If she was beginning to feel sorry for running away, she did not show it. She did not stop and turn back, but kept walking on and on.

Next day the Great Spirit planted by her path a number of blackberry bushes heavy with ripe and tempting fruit. They were larger than the blueberries

and far more beautiful, but Waunada pretended she did not see them and kept on her way.

Now the Great Spirit planted a plum tree where she could not fail to see it. From the branches hung big, juicy, dark blue plums. But Waunada would not stop at the sight of them—not she. If she was hungry, she did not show it. She did not stop to taste the fruit but kept walking on and on.

Then the Great Spirit made the grape and hung the vines over her head so that she had to pass directly beneath them on her way. The ripe, rich fruit almost touched her, but she did not stop, neither did she look back. If she wanted the grapes, she did not show it. She did not even stop to taste the grapes, but kept walking on and on.

All this time Atto-tar-ho was searching for his wife everywhere, but could not



*Waunada did not stop to taste the fruit, but  
kept walking on and on.*

find her. The Great Spirit felt sorry for him. That night He planted by the foot-steps of Waunada a patch of berries such as no one had ever seen before. They were large and bright of color and soft to touch—the first strawberries in the world.

As soon as Waunada saw the strawberries, her heart was filled with a longing for them. She wanted them as she had never wanted anything before. Bending down, she picked one of the delicious red berries. It tasted like the food of the gods. “How much Atto-tar-ho would enjoy them!” she thought.

As she ate and began thinking of him, her mind was filled with sweet thoughts. Why had they begun to quarrel? Perhaps it was her fault after all. The more strawberries she ate, the more sorry she was that she had left her faithful Atto-tar-ho. She was sorry for him now—

and sorry that she had run away. She wondered if he had missed her.

While she was thinking about him, she picked some of the finest and largest of the strawberries and filled her deer skin bag with them.

“Atto-tar-ho will love these,” she thought, “and loving them he may love me once more.”

\* \* \* \*

Here Winne-wa-co-nah stopped, for there in the east she saw a faint streak of light.

“I cannot tell more now!” she said.

“To-morrow night?” asked Passa-con-away.  
She bowed and departed to her wigwam.



## TENTH NIGHT

“When Waunada had filled her bag with the lovely red strawberries,” began Winne-wa-conah, as her circle of listeners came early the following night, “she started on her homeward journey.”

On the way she met Atto-tar-ho. He was overjoyed to see her once more. When he tasted the strawberries that Waunada had brought him, his heart was filled with a gladness that he had never known before. He fell down on his knees and promised that if she would forgive him, he would try all the rest of his days to make her happy. Waunada bent over and kissed Atto-tar-ho. Tears of joy filled their eyes, and from that day they lived happily together for the rest of their lives.

Now I will tell you the story of

## THE PIPE OF PEACE

This is a legend of the “Old Man of the Mountain” and Franconia and his pipe of peace.

The adventure-loving Red Man tired at last of the drum beats of the wildwood and the eternal war-cry. There was greater comfort in the quiet field of corn, waving its tasseled heads softly in the summer breeze. There was a deeper restfulness in the bright flames of the council fire as they were carried upward on the dark blue wings of night. It was fitting then that this tale of the conquest of peace over war should be told.

Franconia, the Penacook, was sad. His dream of lasting peace had been dreamed in vain. Where was Won-na-loonsa, the brave Sachem? Where was Merri-wa-comet, the Indian runner, who had been missing for three days?

Where was the score—yes, hundreds of others as good?

Franconia felt very sad at this continual warfare. A Mohawk from the Genesee Valley had robbed him of his parents. An Abnaki from the land of the rising sun had taken away his brother; and, worse yet, a brave from the Hurons of the North had stolen the life of his only son. And the war was still on! Do you wonder then that Franconia's tears fell like the spring rain?

Even now the Hurons rallied for the war-trail; and the Mohawks were storming the very gate of the Brave Lands. Well might he despair; well might he tear his hair; well might he call to the Great Spirit to stop this terrible warfare.

In his sorrow Franconia thought of the old stone face that had looked down upon many battles in the Vale of the Pem-ig-e-wasset. In his sadness and

hopelessness he turned to the Old Man of Silence. Then a new idea came to him. This Old Man of Silence would help him bring everlasting peace to his people.

Immediately he began to search through the forest for something he seemed to look for in vain. All his tribe wondered what it was. They noticed that he had gained the respect and the help of the forest people. The trees bowed their heads before Franconia. The animal people looked on and smiled at him as he passed. No creature tried to harm him as he roamed hither and thither, always looking up and down, here and there.

At last he ended his search. His hatchet was sharpened. Morning, noon and night he was seen chopping at the huge branch of a tree—old, knotted and fallen.

At last he had chopped away the branch from the trunk and cut away the foliage. It was then seen that he had secured a large, crooked piece of wood that looked like an enormous pipe.

Now that he had obtained his stock he worked early and late. He began at the break of day and did not even stop to taste of his morning food. All through the hot midday sun he worked, and far into the evening, until the falling shadows made it impossible for him to see any longer. But his good squaw did not scold him. She knew the hope that was burning within his heart. If he should win, she knew the result would be worth all it might cost.

Franconia worked on and on. The strong, knotted piece of wood grew into a shape that took life and purpose. Once, as he labored on, he smiled. Then the Old Man of the Mountain smiled back.

Franconia told his squaw, who was silently watching him, that a new day was breaking for the Red Men. She, too, now smiled. There was peace and happiness in their hearts. The little son of the Sachem dared to draw nearer to his father. Every one was filled with joy and hope.

Franconia had shaped a huge pipe out of the wood of the forest; a strange pipe such as had never been seen before; a pipe worthy for the stern lips of the stone Guardian of the Mountains. This wonderful pipe was seen with curiosity; it was seen with wonder; it was seen with fear. Then the hearts of the Penacooks were lightened.

What if Franconia's dream should prove the truth of the saying:

“When the Old Man should smoke, peace would reign forever in the Vale of the Pem-ig-e-wasset!”

Franconia kept on with his work. The strange pipe of peace for the Old Man of the Mountain was finally completed. That night the moon shone softly down on the mountain and the valley of the Pem-ig-e-wasset. But nowhere did it shine as brightly as it did on the great stone face high up on the rocky wall.

Then, when the shadows lay thick and deep under the pine and the maple; and a halo shone over the dusky forehead of the Old Man of the Mountain, Franconia began his climb to the face set against the night.

“Give me strength, Great Spirit, give me strength to climb the rocky wall,” prayed Franconia. “The Old Man of the Mountain must smoke to-night.” Then he threw off his blanket. Up, up, up, he went, carrying the big pipe on his back. Higher and higher the Sachem



*The strange pipe of peace for the Old Man  
of the Mountain was finally completed.*

climbed; slower and slower the Sachem climbed.

The valley now lay far below him. A single misstep meant failure—it meant death to him—worse, it meant more war to his people—a war that must end in death to all of his beloved Penacooks.

So, inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, he climbed up, up, up, until at last he rested just under the mighty chin of the great stone face. Then he placed his right hand lovingly against the cold cheek of the Old Man of the Mountain.

It may have been only the trembling of his own faint heart. But he imagined; he dreamed; he knew the square jaw moved! The great stone face was smiling down at him. He grew bolder. He climbed to another point of rock. Then he paused. He dared not look down. He must go on. The Old Man of Silence must smoke his Pipe of Peace!

There must be eternal peace in the land of the Penacooks.

Finally, Franconia stopped and took the huge pipe from off his back. It was well filled with the fragrant tobacco. He lit it and pulled at the mouth-piece once as a sign of friendly greeting. Slowly he raised the long stem to the cold lips that had never before been parted! Slowly, so that he would not drop the huge pipe. Slowly, so that he would not spill the tobacco.

*The Old Man of the Mountain smiled!*

Franconia dared not look away from the great stone face above. He knew he was being watched. The deer, the panther, the bear, the wolf, the moose—yes, all of the creatures of the woods were below, watching and waiting.

Farther away, he knew that his own people were waiting, too. All were silent. All were filled with hope. Over-

head, an eagle screamed in encouragement. A hawk shouted its welcome. The big stone lips seemed to move—to part. The pipe stem slipped silently in between. Then, the huge, wooden pipe was held firmly between lips that had never before opened!

“Smoke, Old Man, smoke the Pipe of Peace!” cried Franconia. “Let peace and happiness be with my people forevermore!”

These words came down to those watching and waiting—these and nothing more.

Slowly, great clouds of smoke came from the strange pipe. Slowly the clouds rose until the stone face of the Old Man was completely hidden; slowly, until Franconia was lost to view; until the moon sailed but dimly through the starry night.

It was hours before the scene had

cleared; before the great Stone Face looked down upon his watchers once more. Some said the Old Man of the Mountain was still smiling, but some said they could see no change in the familiar features. All now looked for Franconia. The heroic Sachem, the great Peacemaker, where was he?

\* \* \* \*

“It is morning,” said Winne-wa-co-nah, suddenly interrupting the story. “Another night, I will tell you, noble Passa-con-away, what happened to Franconia.”



## ELEVENTH NIGHT

"Great Sachem, would you like to know what happened to Franconia?" asked Tripping Tongue at the beginning of the eleventh night. "Ask it of the forest that bowed its head that night in glory. Ask it of the wild beasts of the forest that watched and waited until another day had cleared the darkness. Ask it of his people and they will tell you that Franconia had been taken up to his fathers. He had become the Spirit of the Stone Sentinel.

"Let all of this be as it may, the Mohawks silently faded from the Valley of the Merrimac. The Hurons checked their warlike march from the north, and never came back. The Abnakis fled from the Saco, which they never crossed again. From that day peace fell upon the Penacooks. I ask you, had Franconia lived and died in vain?"

## THE TITAN OF THE NORTH

Titanis was the Oak of the Amer-scogins, the great chief of a great race. One night as he slept in his wigwam, the shadow of the moon fell across his blanket. Springing to his feet, he faced Ora, the runner, whose bare shoulders were badly scratched and his clothing torn.

“Here,” said Ora, “is the wampum of the Melicite. Wa-su-ga dies at sunrise!”

Titanis took the long narrow roll of wampum. “Has my son brought dishonor on his name?” he asked.

“Never!” replied Ora. “Wa-su-ga was trying to save a comrade, a warrior of a rival tribe, when he was seized by the Melicite and condemned to die. Their chief told me to run to you with the news that your son dies to-morrow morning at sunrise!”

Titanis was filled with bitterness. He quickly sent a messenger to arouse his people, and to tell them to meet at the council house immediately. It was not long before the council house was quickly filled. Then the runner arose to address the Indians, his loud voice carrying to all corners of that vast tent.

“Men of the North and of the East,” said he, “look upon this wampum belt of the Melicite, bearing a picture of the far flying loon, the sign of their tribe. The Melicite are always ready to run, but it is not when seeking their foes. No, it is when running away from them. Now, in their prison wigwam lies Wa-su-ga, the young chief and son of our Titanis, the Oak. Wa-su-ga must die at the next rising of the sun.”

This speech was followed by loud sobs from all parts of the council house. When this had ended, Titanis rose slowly



*Titanis, the Oak of the Amer-scoggins.*

to his feet. There he stood like a giant looking down upon his listeners crouching on their mats and skins. He showed that he had come there with a knowledge of what this council meant, for he wore loosely over his broad shoulders his kingly robe of eagle feathers. This he pulled more closely about him as he began:

“Listen, O men of the North, while Titanis, the last of the Amil-kanti-quakes, speaks. He loves the hillside made sacred by their footprints. He loves the trees that shade the running brook. He is proud of the friends that he has made. Listen, now, to the last words of Titanis in your councils.

“You see no lies traced on his face. There are scars, but they are scars of battle. They were made in fighting for his people. Wa-su-ga, his son, is not afraid to die. His only regret is that he

must leave his four small children and his squaw to me, an old man—that he must die in the springtime of life, and an old man like me is spared.

“Children,” and he lowered his voice, “I am more of a father to you now than a leader. No more do I follow the trail of the red deer. When my voice is heard in your councils, I ask for peace rather than war. I have seen the snow of nearly a hundred winters. It will be a fit ending to my long and active life if I die in place of Wa-su-ga. I hope that this will be satisfactory to the hated Melicites. I go to close my long life with this deed of honor.”

When the sounds of approval met his ears, the aged Sachem turned and left the council house to prepare for his long, sad journey. With less than twenty-four hours in which to go one hundred miles, there was no time to be lost. In a brief while he stepped forth from his tent for

the last time. He had spoken a few words to his wife, and now was ready to start out with his little grandson, Na-tanis, who had insisted upon going.

“He can do no harm. Titanis knows his duty. He will send his son to his wife’s arms. Na-tanis will tell you all,” said Titanis to his squaw.

During this short interval of getting ready, the Indians had not been idle. They stood in two unbroken lines from the lodgment all the way down to the river where a canoe was in waiting for the old chief and the boy.

Between these lines, the two marched alone in silence. First they passed the children. Next the women, who held over the passing chief and his grandson, slender fir boughs to show unfading honors. Then they came to the old men who stood with bowed heads. Last they came to the warriors in their warpaint.

As the first of these was reached he said in the tongue of the Amil-kanti-quakes:

“May the Great Spirit be kind to you, O Titanis, the Oak!”

Upon reaching the river where the canoe was in waiting, Titanis found a single warrior waiting to go with him. The three pushed off at once on their long trip down the river.

The Indians who were left behind chanted a farewell song which carried a message of hope to the departing chief. No other token had been given. No other was needed.

I cannot follow the long sad trip of Titanis and his comrades through that long night, while the moon rode high and low in the heavens above. Not one of the three showed any weariness. The canoe was finally abandoned long before the day was spent. So on and on through the pathless wilderness went the three:

Titanis leading, his grandson next, and the Indian scout last.

The three went on and on, over hills, through the valley, along the bank of the noisy river, across the inland sea, ever onward, without stopping or even thinking of stopping. Whatever feeling stirred in the heart of the aged chief, he did not show it.

At last the war-song of the hated Melicites could be heard coming from the top of the hill more than a mile away. It was still dark in the forest of the lowland, but on the hilltop the gray light of dawn was beginning to break.

“Not too early, but not too late,” said Titanis, as he began to climb the hill. “You might have looked for it from the Melicite,” he added as he knew that the rival tribe had gone to the highland, where the sunlight would first brighten the earth.

As the war-cry of his foes rang out clearly on the morning air, Titanis and his companions shouted back a battle-cry that filled the valley. Then, tearing through the tangled growth of small trees and bushes, Titanis stepped forth into the open. At that moment the first rays of the morning sun pierced the skies to the east.

\* \* \* \*

Just then Winne-wa-co-nah herself looked toward the east and saw the first faint streaks of the dawning day.

"The chief must wait. See! the new day is in the sky," she said.

"Until to-morrow night, then," replied the chief.



## TWELFTH NIGHT

"I marvel at your patience, O Chief; I marvel. So I will hasten on with my tale of

### THE VICTORY OF TITANIS

So sudden was the appearance of Titanis that the men of the Melicites still stood with their bows drawn, waiting to send their arrows on their deadly flight. Near the center of the rocky clearing, stood a single Red Man, Wa-su-ga, waiting for the arrow that would end his life. He merely glanced towards his father and then faced his enemies as proudly and defiantly as ever.

"Who comes here at such an hour?" demanded Sitting Bear, the head chief of the Melicites.

“Titanis, the Oak of the Amil-kanti-quakes,” replied the chief.

“His errand can wait until Wa-su-ga, tried by fair council, can be put to death. Sitting Bear will then be ready to speak with his foe.”

“Titanis comes not as the wolf to growl, nor as the rabbit to weep. He comes as a great chief. He comes not to plead for Wa-su-ga; but he has come this long way to speak for the children and the young squaw of Wa-su-ga. He comes to speak of the need of such strong arms as Wa-su-ga’s.”

Titanis spoke loudly at first as he described the deeds of bravery of his tribe and his comrades. But his voice grew softer as he compared himself now to a tree which had withstood the storms of many winters.

“Among the laws that govern the Melicites and the Amil-kanti-quakes is

one which allows the life of a warrior to be spared if his place is filled by another as worthy. The Melicite has not forgotten this, for he sent his messenger a hundred miles. Now I, Titanis the Oak, have come to take the place of Wa-su-ga, the Flower of the Amil-kanti-quakes. I do this because of the loneliness of his four small children and for the future of the Red Men. Wa-su-ga is needed now on the war-trail. He must be spared."

Wa-su-ga did not move a muscle nor even turn his head as his old father pleaded his cause. Then Sitting Bear came forward.

"Titanis has shown that his tongue has lost none of its power, but Titanis is too old to stand in the place of his son. If Na-tanis will take the place of his father, then the Melicites will be satisfied."

Wa-su-ga now spoke. He laughed at

the Melicites as he told how he had killed one of them and that now he was not afraid to die.

Titanis then praised the bravery of his son once more. He even went on to say that little Na-tanis was far better than any Melicite.

“If he is so strong and brave and clever, let him prove it,” said Sitting Bear.

The Oak said something in a low voice to his grandson. Na-tanis took his bow, fitted an arrow and sent it flying into the trunk of a small tree one hundred paces away. He then shot a bird flying overhead, but this did not satisfy the Melicites.

“Titanis has only done this to get the arm and eye of Na-tanis to do what no Melicite dares to try. If a son of the Melicites lives who can do this, then will Na-tanis take the place of his father, and

Titanis the Oak will follow the war-trail no more, but hang his head in shame."

Titanis called for a birch cup which was filled to the brim with water. While this was being done he spoke briefly to Na-tanis, whose only reply was to select an arrow to his liking.

Taking the filled cup of water in his hand, Titanis measured off fifty paces towards the lower end of the opening. Upon reaching this point he turned about and placed the birch cup upon his head. Then in a clear ringing voice he called to little Na-tanis:

"Show the Melicite boasters how you can shoot. Let not the gray hairs of Titanis blind your eyes, but shoot straight."

Every eye was now fixed upon the Oak and his grandson. Tired and hungry as he must have been after his long journey, the young Na-tanis stood firmly. He



*Na-tanis pulled back the bow string slowly, and  
let the arrow fly.*

pulled back the bow string slowly, and let the arrow fly on its mission. Straight to its mark it sped, and the birch cup was carried away on its wings. Titanis untouched walked forward, smiling proudly.

The hills and valley rang with the wild cheering, for never had the Melicites seen such a shot. None of them would dare do such a thing. But Sitting Bear said sternly:

“Let the boy live. Let Wa-su-ga die. Titanis is too old.”

The black eyes of Titanis flashed the anger that he felt. Had he come so far and suffered so much in vain? He looked up as if to ask the help of the Great Spirit. Overhead a bird was flying at a height which made it look like a swallow. Quick as a flash he fitted an arrow to his bow and let fly.

Like a bright streak of lightning, the arrow rose into the sky straight toward

its mark. Suddenly the bird stopped in its flight and fell headlong into their midst, shot through the heart.

A storm of cries rang out from the Melicites. These were not in praise of the wonderful shot, but in anger and madness. The bird had fallen at the feet of Sitting Bear. As he looked down, his wonder turned to anger for it was a loon, the Spirit of the lost god of the Melicites. Titanis had brought to earth their sacred bird.

“Free Wa-su-ga and put this man to death in his place,” thundered Sitting Bear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here Tripping Tongue suddenly stopped, and Passa-con-away knew that she would not go on with the story until the next night.



## THIRTEENTH NIGHT

Wa-su-ga was set free, and his aged father was bound to the post in his place.

As Titanis stood there defiantly he said to his son:

“Go tell the wampum keepers of the Amil-kanti-quakes that Titanis dies as he has lived, firm in the faith of his fathers and swift to do the bidding of his god. Tell the young men that Titanis falls as falls the mighty oak before the lightning; as falls the red deer at the end of his trail, defying a hundred angry hunters.”

With a smile on his face, the great Titanis sank to the ground dead. The Great Spirit, who looks after the warriors of the Amil-kanti-quakes, had heard the old chief and had taken him home to the Happy Hunting Ground where he could be happy forevermore.

Winne-wa-co-nah brushed a tear from her eyes. “I will now tell you,” she said, “the love story of

## THE BRIDE OF BROKEN WATERS

Many miles south of here the lordly Susquehanna flows along without a ripple on its broad shining surface, until it reaches the falls. There the water is swept over the edge; and with a mighty roar, is dashed to pieces upon the rocks far below. Just above the falls lived Orrel-o-na, she of the white canoe.

Take the beauty of the lily and the sweetness of the rose, the brightness of the evening star and the softness of the southern breeze, and even then you will not have half the charms of this fair canoeist. Take the lightness of a humming-bird's feather and the swiftness of the eagle in its flight, and still you will not know the lightness and speed of her canoe made from the white bark of the summer birch tree.

Her people knew how to make these wonderful canoes. No better paddlers were to be found in all of that land. And if the men knew how to handle their light craft, so did the women. Among these, Orrel-o-na easily led all the others.

Orrel-o-na was so beautiful that every warrior in the tribe wanted to marry her. But she turned all of them aside except two. These were Aurayet, the Sunbeam; and Kohas, the Pine. The Sunbeam had killed the bear that had haunted the Red Men for many moons. Kohas, as dark as the pine for which he was named, could run as fast as the deer. Whom was she to wed? To settle the matter, Orrel-o-na promised to wed the one who could beat her in a canoe race.

There being no limit to the number who might try for so sweet a prize, seven warriors entered for the race and waited for the first evening of the harvest moon.

When the day for the race had come, she knew it was Aurayet whom she wanted to win. Kohas was too dark and gloomy. Besides, he was too boastful, and kept telling her what he would do when he had won her.

Well might he say that, for unknown to all the others, he had crept up behind Aurayet, the only rival that he feared, and there in the woods to the north, had killed him.

The night and the hour finally came. Not knowing of the death of her lover true, Orrel-o-na steered her canoe out into the center of the river. There the race was to start. Kohas was to be on her left, and the missing Sunbeam, when he should come, was to be on her right hand. The other five had taken the remaining positions.

The full moon rose over the treetops, flooding the broad, smooth river with its

silvery light. All but Orrel-o-na were impatient to start. "Why should they all wait?" they asked, "just because Aurayet did not care to race."

Sitting like a Princess in her white canoe, Orrel-o-na never looked so beautiful as she did there under the moon-beams waiting for her lover who failed to come.

The old chief declared that the moon did not wait for tardy lovers. He shouted the signal for the race to begin. It was the most remarkable canoe race ever held on the Susquehanna.

Kohas had just whispered to her: "Orrel-o-na becomes the bride of Kohas to-night!"

Before she could reply, the signal was heard; and the rivals sped down the river lit only by the shining moon. Kohas led the way. Orrel-o-na was the last to start.

A messenger had appeared among the

crowd of spectators at that moment with the startling news that Aurayet had been killed, and his body had been found in the woods. This awoke a cry of horror from those who heard and understood.

Orrel-o-na thought that her friends were shouting to her for falling behind. She could not allow any one now to win the race against her. Her canoe shot over the shiny water like an arrow from a mighty bow.

Wild cheering came from the crowds on the banks of the Susquehanna. Every eye was fixed upon that exciting race, the grandest a Delaware ever looked upon.

The brown deer, drinking by the river-side, stopped to watch the canoes fly by. The prowling wolf, looking down from the distant hill, stopped his howl of rage and looked on in silence. The great crowd of Indians watching and fearing, shouted encouragement to their favorites.

Aurayet had failed to come, and Orrel-o-na determined that she must win the race herself. She would be the bride of no one else. Her white canoe, flashing back the silver of the moon, sped over the sparkling water like a rabbit running from the fox.

Now the first, then the second, the third, the fourth, and the fifth of the warriors were passed. Only Kohas, the Pine, remained in the race. There he was out in the lead, fighting the great battle of his life. He threw all of the skill of his hands and the strength of his arms, and the ambition of his heart into the grand struggle. Side by side, maid and warrior sped along the moonlit way.

Orrel-o-na gained a few inches upon her dark rival. The onlookers saw this with wild joy and raised their voices in shouts of gladness and encouragement.

Suddenly, the whole race changed.



*'Aurayet had failed to come, Orrel-o-na determined she must win the race herself.*

Flashing down the river like the snowy winds of winter, a strange white canoe sped into the pathway of the flying maid and warrior. The people on the bank saw it, and the shout of joy upon their lips burst into a wild outcry of fear and wonder—a thunderous cheer that rang above the roar of the Falls of the Susquehanna. For in the canoe sat the ghost of Aurayet.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The new day is breaking,” said Winne-wa-co-nah. “See the light in the east. We must wait until night comes again.”

“It is well. We can wait,” declared Passa-con-away.



## FOURTEENTH NIGHT

So deep an interest had the story of Orrel-o-na and her lovers thrown over the listeners that long before the hour for her to begin, Winne-wa-co-nah saw the circle complete. So she continued her story.

Orrel-o-na saw with joy that Aurayet was gaining, and a feeling of gladness entered her soul.

But Kohas saw with horror his dead rival in love, sitting erect in the other canoe, his hands grasping the strong paddle without dipping or raising it. The ghostly canoeist was carried on by some strange power with the speed of the wind. Kohas, the Pine, gave a cry of terror and fell back, thus upsetting his canoe and throwing him into the swift waters of the river. He was never seen alive again.

If Orrel-o-na saw the fate of Kohas no one knew. But, looking on in horror, the spectators saw the ghostly canoeist glide alongside of the Princess. He reached out an arm and lifted her

into his own canoe beside him. Then, holding her close in his arms, the two were carried on towards the Falls. Speechless, motionless, helpless to save them, the crowd upon the river bank saw them carried swiftly nearer and nearer toward the thundering rapids. Then they disappeared into the mist and foam of the raging stream below.

That is all that has been told of the Bride of the White Canoe, for nothing was ever heard of her again. But some say they saw her carried by her lover upward to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Winne-wa-co-nah paused for a moment. Now I shall tell you of

## THE BRIDE OF THE SOUTH LAND

Once there was a sameness in the weather. It did not change as it does now. Where it was cold, it was always cold. No heat came to melt the snows and to bring warmth and sunshine. Where it was cold, it was always cold—a steady, freezing cold. But all this

changed after the marriage of Wis-co-wan, the Wanderer, and his bride from the Southland, the beautiful Ana-la-wa.

Wis-co-wan was a chief among the people of the Northland, but he was always traveling. For no matter where he went, he soon became tired of the spot and then moved on to another place. Thus he came to visit many lands.

At last it happened that he came to a tribe living far in the Southland. It was very warm there, warm all of the time, and the people lived in the open air.

There he met the chieftain's daughter, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in all of his wanderings. He soon fell in love with her; and as he was very strong and handsome, she would have gladly married him. But her people objected, saying:

“Wis-co-wan is from the Northland and has brought the cold with him. Be-

fore he came, we lived in the open air and yet were warm. Now it is cold and growing colder. If he remains among us, we shall all freeze to death. Ana-la-wa must not marry the chief of the Northland."

The lover begged so earnestly, promising that he would take his bride home with him, that he was finally allowed to marry the Princess. She gladly went to live among his people, without dreaming of the results.

When she arrived in the Northland, she found that his people were dressed in furs and lived in houses made of ice. With her coming, however, a change took place. The walls of the houses began to leak for the weather grew warmer and warmer. Soon, the air was too warm for these people who had lived all of their lives in the snow and ice.

The people of the Northland cried out,



*Wis-co-wan and his bride returned to  
the Northland.*

“Ana-la-wa, the bride of Wis-co-wan is a child of the South. She has eaten the food of the Southland. If she remains among us, we shall all melt. She must go back to the Southland.”

Wis-co-wan and his wife talked this over between themselves. Finally, they decided that, rather than be separated, they would return to the South, her homeland.

Now when they had lived a few moons in the Southland, the coldness of Wis-co-wan caused things to begin to freeze just as her warmth had melted everything in his homeland.

So at last the South people again objected, and it became necessary for the lovers to move once more or to part forever. They could not think of parting, so once more they moved back to the Northland.

The North people were not pleased to see Ana-la-wa return, for it was not long

before they began to wipe their foreheads and complain of the heat.

“Why should this woman from the South with her warm nature be allowed to stay among us? It is better that she should return to her people than that we should be made to suffer!”

Yet she was permitted to remain a little longer with them than she had been allowed before. Still the time came when she was forced to say good-by and go back to the Southland. So this happy and yet unfortunate couple started south once more.

This time they were treated worse than ever. Wis-co-wan was even arrested and tried before a body of Medicine Men, who proved loyal if not wise.

Ana-la-wa told of her love for Wis-co-wan, and added that she would rather die than live without him.

Wis-co-wan then declared that it was

impossible for him to be separated from Ana-la-wa. He was willing to be put to death, but he would not be separated from his wife.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Here Winne-wa-co-nah paused.

“A new day compels me to stop, O Sachem of the Pennacooks,” declared Winne-wa-co-nah.

“I wish the night had been a little longer,” said Passa-con-away. “But we can wait.”



## FIFTEENTH NIGHT

It was again midnight. Darkness hung over the earth like a robe of black. The long day's work had been finished. The fishing, hunting, mending of nets, cooking of venison and the thousand and one other things had been done. Winne-wa-co-nah found her circle as complete as usual when she began again to tell her stories.

After Wis-co-wan had told of his love for Ana-la-wa, he said to the council of Medicine Men:

“The birds do not live always in the South nor yet in the North. Surely we are as good as the birds. Let us live half of the time in one country and half in the other. It will be better for all.”

So it was decided, and the couple went back and forth—bringing warmth to the Northland and cold to the Southland. It was summer among the people of the North while the Bride of the South dwelt among them, and winter

when she was gone. This was how the change in seasons first began.

Now, mighty Sachem of the Red Men," said Winne-wa-co-nah, "listen and I will tell you the story of

## THE WIDOW AND HER SEVEN SONS

Never a story of greater beauty and love was ever told. Never a story of deeper sorrow was ever given to the children of Mitsi-Maniteau than this story of the widow and her seven sons.

Wave-a-lauke lived with her seven sons by the edge of the big forest just beyond the village of her people. There, by the bank of the great river that flowed into the big salt water, she had her home. She was not unhappy for her husband had built her a big lodge and had left her with seven sons who loved their mother dearly.

They did much for her and did it

gladly. They helped her cook the venison that they brought home from the hunt. They tanned the skins and ground the corn. They helped her in every way possible. And of all the warriors none fought so bravely; nor followed the game trail with a surer foot than her seven sons. So Wave-a-lauke was very happy.

But Wave-a-lauke had one regret. Her seven wonderful boys had now grown to manhood and yet not one of them had ever said he was going to marry.

One day the oldest son said to his mother: "Please give me enough meat and maize to last me for three days. I am going to the mountains to see what I can find." So his mother did as he had asked.

When his food was ready, he took his best bow and quiver of arrows, his long knife and tomahawk, and started for the distant mountains.

Many moons came and went, and the

young man did not come back. Neither was there any word from him. So the mother became sad with waiting.

Her next born saw how sad his mother was and said he was going out to find his brother.

“Be careful, my boy,” she warned, as she prepared him for his journey. “I fear your brother has met with some accident.”

“Never fear for me, mother. I will find him if he is living and bring him back to you,” replied the young warrior.

The widow’s second son started out the next day to find his brother. But although many moons came and went this second boy did not come back to his mother.

Now the third son offered to go in search of the other two. Again the food was prepared, and the third son started out to bring back his lost brothers.

His mother and younger brothers waited and waited for some news, but the third son never returned. Finally, the mother began to weep. What had happened to her sons? Three of them had gone to hunt and to explore, but not one of them had come back or sent her any news.

When the fourth son asked permission to follow, she wept. But he begged so hard to go that she finally consented. So she cooked more corn bread and put up dried meat and such luxuries as she had. With tears in her eyes, the mother begged him to be very careful and to come back soon with news of his missing brothers.

Now four brothers instead of one were missing, and the mystery of their loss was a great sorrow to the mother. The big wigwam was so lonely, and the nights were so long and quiet.

“I cannot stand it any longer, dear

mother," said the fifth son one day. "I am the next in age, and I must go and find my brothers. I am stronger and know the country better than they. Surely, I will not remain long. I will bring them back to you."

The mother begged her fifth son not to leave her, for she had dreamed that he would never come back. But finally, after many days, she consented. There were tears in her eyes though when she handed him his basket filled with food.

"Be careful, O my son," she said. "Remember that four of your brothers started out and never returned. It would break my heart if you did not come back." So the fifth promised to return soon with good news. But he never came back.

Now the sixth son took out his weapons and basket of food and stole away one day into the distant woods, promising

to return soon with his lost brothers. The moon grew red in the face and full and round, and then small again until it hung like a narrow bow on the western sky. Still no news came back from the missing sons. O Maniteau! what did it mean? Had her sons been killed? Had they been eated by wild beasts? Had they been lost?

Now only the seventh son was left. He was the last son—a mere boy—young and inexperienced. He did not even know how to use a bow and arrow in battle or how to throw a tomahawk.

“Mother,” he said softly at the close of a fair day, while the moon hung lazily in the sky. “It is my turn now. I am only a boy, but I must go. Please do not weep, mother. I will come back, and I will bring my brothers with me. I am strong of arm; I am as cunning as the fox;

I am as brave as the bear. Trust in me and I will not disappoint you."

The mother tried to be brave. She dried her tears and watched him while he entered the deep woods and was lost to sight. Her other sons might be alive and needing help, she thought. She spoke and her voice echoed throughout the big, lonely tent. Somehow it gave her hope; and for the first time, she smiled. But the days that came and went were so long, so long.

In the meantime Mona-o-sauke, the youngest son, walked on and on, past the big trees which made long, deep shadows in the forest. He walked until he came to the high mountains which lifted their heads high above him.

By and by, he saw a boy in the woods by the bank of a stream. At least, he thought at first that the other was a boy. Then he saw that it was an old man, his



-A.K.

*Mona-o-sauke was glad to help the old man.*

back bent with age, and his face lined with wrinkles.

At the sight of Mona-o-sauke, the old man called to him:

“Please help me, young man. I want to make a bridge over the stream, but I am too weak. It will not take you long.”

Mona-o-sauke was glad to help. When he had finished placing a big log across the stream where the old man wanted it, he inquired about the country ahead. Who lived there? Were the people friendly?

“I know you,” replied the old man. “Your brothers have gone on before you; and you are looking for them. I asked them to stop a moment to help me, but they were in too much of a hurry to stop, so I let them go. I will tell you because you have been kind and have helped me.

“Far above us is an enchanted ground. It is guarded by an old man with

long, white hair and a long, white beard. He keeps a fire burning all the time at the entrance. As long as that fire burns and the water in the big pot boils, no one can enter that forbidden country. I tell you this so that you may know what to expect.

“The old man with the white beard captures all those who try to enter. Your brothers must be prisoners there now. Had they stopped and helped me, I would have told them about the old man with the white beard. But they had no pity on an old, broken-backed man like me. So now take care, and do as I have told you.”

\*       \*       \*       \*

Tripping Tongue was reminded that another day was breaking. Although the Sachem asked her to finish the story, she said that it must wait until the next night. So again the execution was delayed.



## THE SIXTEENTH NIGHT

"Now," said Tripping Tongue, as she continued her story the following night, "the old man with the hunchback invited Mona-o-sauke to eat with him. Mona was very glad to accept. While they ate, the old man told him many things of the enchanted land.

"Did I not know you were a brave lad, I would not let you go on. But I will watch over you. Be careful not to let the old man catch you. He is cunning; and he is desperate. Once you have put out that fire, all will be easy with you. Call on me if you need help."

## THE SIX SIRENS

With a heavy heart, Mona-o-sauke began his weary journey up the mountain-side; every step grew more difficult. Slowly, step by step, he climbed, until at last he stood near the top.

Directly ahead he discovered a big tent made of skins, but there was no one near. Not far away he saw a huge stone pot hanging over a fire and from the steam rising over it, he knew that it must be boiling.

Mona-o-sauke had nearly reached the narrow path between the pot and the tent when he was startled by a terrific roar. His hair stood on end.

“Who dares come in here?” thundered a heavy voice.

Mona looked up and saw an enormous Indian giant coming toward him. He carried a big tomahawk in his hand and appeared to be a mighty warrior—such a warrior as Mona-o-sauke had never seen before. He was broad of shoulder and taller than any man he had ever met. His hair was long and white, while his face was almost hidden by a long, snow-white beard.

In an instant, the look of anger left the face of the giant as he said kindly:

“Come, young man, help me with this log. I want to throw it on the fire. I was just waiting for you. You are the last of the seven brothers.”

“Where are they?” asked Mona-o-sauke.

The giant only smiled and began to raise one end of the big log. He pointed to the young man to take the other end.

Mona-o-sauke first laid down his weapons where they would be handy in case he needed them. Then he took hold of the other end of the log.

The stick came up easier than he had expected, and the two carried it to the side of the fire. There they dropped it upon the hungry flames beneath the big stone pot.

“You are very kind,” declared the giant. “Now, if you will look into that



*Mona saw an enormous Indian giant coming.*

pot of boiling water, you will see there the things that are going to happen to you."

"There is too much steam for me to see. Get me some cold water to pour into the pot," replied the clever boy.

When the water had been brought, the boy, instead of pouring it into the pot, threw it on the fire and put it out. As the smoke cleared away, Mona-o-sauke found that the giant had vanished, but coming up the path was the little hunch-back.

"My boy, you have done well! That giant wanted to push you into the pot of boiling water, but now you are safe."

"Who is that singing?" asked Mona-o-sauke as the sound of sweet voices was heard in the distance.

"It is the song of the sirens," said the little old man. "Look out or you may fall into their power."

“But you said the spell would be broken as soon as the fire was put out,” said Mona-o-sauke.

“Not altogether,” replied the old man. “As soon as you see the sirens, you must say, ‘Winne-wa-low, Winne-wa-lee, the spell is now broken for you and for me.’ Now you can go on, but remember what I have told you.” Mona-o-sauke promised to do so.

Side by side, they walked past the tent and entered the enchanted forest. Soon they came to a clearing in the woods where a number of Indian maids and warriors were shooting arrows at a target. His six brothers were there, too. Each one was trying to see who could shoot the straightest.

“They are all under the spell of the sirens,” whispered the old man. “But the water has stopped boiling, so I wonder what will happen now.”

Mona-o-sauke stood still and watched the players, while their merry cries made music in the air. As he stood there, one of the most beautiful of the Indian maidens ran to him and said, "Come with me, O strange warrior, you are my captive. I am the siren of the——" but before she could finish, Mona-o-sauke remembered what the old man had told him and repeated, "Winne-wa-low, Winne-wa-lee, the spell is now broken for you and for me."

To her surprise—to the surprise of all, Mona-o-sauke did not move.

"I have lost my power," cried the Siren. "What has happened?"

"The fire is out," cried one and all. "The water no longer boils. We are ourselves again."

The playing stopped quickly. The six brothers were no longer held enchanted. At last they were free.

Mona-o-sauke ran to welcome his brothers.

“Mother is waiting for us,” he said.  
“Let us go home at once.”

“Mother? Yes, we remember her now. We were going back as soon as this game was finished.”

“But the game would have kept on until the charm had been broken—and that meant forever, had it not been for your brother,” said the old man. “He ended the charm by putting out the fire.”

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Here Winne-wa-co-nah paused, as a faint streak of light streamed through the trees to the east.

“O Maid of Magic, must we always wait?” asked Passa-con-away. “Have you enchanted us?”

“To-morrow night I will tell you more,” was all she replied.



## SEVENTEENTH NIGHT

"I was telling you last night about the seven brothers and the six maids, O Sachem," began Tripping Tongue as the circle was formed on the next night.

When Mona-o-sauke explained to his six lost brothers how long they had been away, they were very anxious to return. But they did not want to leave the Indian maids whom they loved dearly. Soon, everything was arranged, for the six Indian maids promised to marry the six brothers. They were all very happy as they started homeward.

I will not try to tell you of the mother's great joy at the return of her missing sons, and the welcome she gave their young wives. Mona-o-sauke was highly praised for his kindness, and bravery and wisdom. When his married brothers built their new wigwams, he remained with his mother. Now the fame of Mona-o-sauke is sung from the big salt water on the East to the Father of all Waters on the

West, and from the land of the Algonquins on the North far down into the Southland.

Now I shall tell you of

## THE SHADOW MOOSE

This strange story of the Shadow Moose was told within the wigwams of many tribes of the Eastern and Southern Indians. As they told it, they let the fires burn low so that the last spark might cease to shine as the tale was finished.

There was a day when the moose was the Lord of all Creation. In all the animal circles there was no one that was his equal. The big brown bear, the sly fox, the great gray wolf, even the dreaded Lox was afraid of him.

Now, the greatest, the bravest, the most cunning of all the moose was Loftara. It was supreme wherever its shadow fell or the rolling thunder of its mighty

hoofs shook the earth. But listen to how its power only worked its ruin in the end. It became so proud and overbearing that even Mitsi-Maniteau was offended. In order to put a stop to Loftara's feeling of importance, Mitsi-Maniteau took it to the Spirit Land.

Even then the proud monarch of the woods did not understand. It refused to obey its Master! Mitsi-Maniteau was angry and sent it back to the earth, condemning it to wander an outcast among its kind until it had repented. It was doomed to live three lives and suffer three deaths before it could be restored in peace to the Happy Lands.

Then the Great Spirit was sorry that he had made the animals greater than men. So he changed his plan and made man Master of the gamelands and the moose became just a shadow.

The seasons came and went, and the

outlawed moose was forgotten. But by and by after many, many moons, an Indian from the Southland told of the moose he had seen in his country. The animal was of wondrous size and could outrun even the speed of the wind. The other Indians laughed at the story. But after it had been told and re-told in the villages, some hunters began to seek the trail of the mighty moose.

It was not long before the hunters saw the strange animal, which was bigger and more beautiful than any that they had ever seen before. But no one could get near enough to shoot it. Still the hunt continued day after day.

Finally a great chief saw the moose one day and crept noiselessly toward it. Now this chief was the greatest hunter in his tribe. He had discovered the moose at the foot of a high mountain which he knew no animal could climb.

The rocky wall encircled him in front and to the left. To the right was such a dense forest that it did not seem possible for a creature to escape through it. In back of the hunter was a lake which he had just crossed in his canoe. The chief thought that at last the moose could not possibly escape him.

Slowly advancing, Iona, the hunter, was confident he could get near before the giant moose would hear him. But suddenly the animal threw high its antlered head and fled with the speed of the wind toward the pathless forest.

Iona ran after him, still sure that he could capture the moose as it plunged into the dense woods. Imagine his surprise when he saw the huge animal dash into the forest without even slackening his speed! It sped forward as swiftly and as noiselessly as it had passed over the open country. As the swift eagle



*Iona was sure that he could capture the moose.*

flies, so the moose sped through the forest and vanished!

There is no foot so light, no wing so swift, no sense so keen, that it may not find the day when it will show signs of weakening. So it was with the Shadow Moose.

One day Iona was out paddling upon his favorite lake, watching the sun paint magic pictures in red and gold upon the western sky. Just as he rounded one of the points of land that jutted out into the water like a huge arm, he saw the wonderful moose once more. There it stood ankle deep in the lake with its head down.

Fortunately, the chief was able to bring his canoe very close to the Shadow Moose without being noticed. Then, as the remarkable animal was lifting its head from the lake, the chief let fly an arrow. Straight to the heart of the great

moose it went, and with such force that it passed right through the body of the animal and came out on the other side! The moose stood quietly as if nothing had hit it.

The mighty Iona was struck with surprise, but immediately let fly a second arrow. Still the Shadow Moose looked toward the hunter without showing that it had been hit. It even lowered its head to drink again. Iona was speechless. He knew now that this was no ordinary moose.

As the strange moose started to swim across the pond towards the opposite shore, Iona knew that it must be Loftara, the Shadow Moose. Without stopping to fit another arrow, the Chief started in pursuit on the wildest chase he had ever known. He was sure that the animal could not escape from him now. But although he had the swiftest canoe

in all his tribe and the strongest and longest arm, Iona could not gain upon the strange moose.

When the opposite shore had been reached, the big moose began to show signs of weariness. It slowly shook its dripping body and moved up the narrow beach in the direction of the woodland.

“It is mortal!” thought the Chief, and fitting his third arrow to his bow, he sent the flying shaft on its mission, certain of his target. For the third time an arrow passed through the body of the Shadow Moose.

Still the animal kept on its way until it had reached the edge of the forest. But it was not running now. Instead, it was walking unsteadily in its tracks as it vanished into the forest.

Strange to say, no sound could be heard as the great moose disappeared into

the forest. Later, the Chief could not even find any hoof-prints in the sand upon the beach. Iona thought of the strange tales the story-tellers of his tribe had told about the Shadow Moose. He remembered the warning of the Medicine Men—"Whoever shot the Shadow Moose, he also would die." Heavy of heart, the Chief turned his canoe toward the shore from which he had come, resolved to look carefully to his safety.

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Here, Winne-wa-co-nah stopped, for the day was breaking in the east.

"Please continue," said Passa-con-away, but she only shook her head.



## EIGHTEENTH NIGHT

At midnight she began again by saying that a fearful storm overtook the first slayer of the Shadow Moose, and the Chief was drowned before reaching the shore.

The Shadow Moose was never seen in that region again. So far the price had been paid. An innocent life had been the sacrifice for the over-proud moose. Who would be next?

## THE STORY OF BRAV-O-LONA

The story of the Shadow Moose and his slayer, Chief Iona, became a familiar tale in the Northland. Then the strange moose and its hunter gradually faded from the minds of men. They had been forgotten except by the historians of the Red Men.

Many, many moons rose and set. Still

no one saw the Shadow Moose, and the Indian hunters laughed at the story of the outlawed animal that had to die three times before it could rise and live again in peace. Then, one day they heard that the Shadow Moose was still roaming the forests.

A Delaware hunter was returning from a long and fruitless chase in the valley of the Delaware River. He came upon the tracks of a mighty animal. As the moose was uncommon in that country, he stopped to look upon the hoof-prints seen in the sand and followed its trail for an hour.

The Indian was thinking of giving up so foolish a chase when he suddenly saw the mighty moose before him. The foliage on the underbrush was thinning, for it was the season of the year when the leaves were beginning to fall from the branches. So he saw very clearly the

mighty monarch of the woodland. Never had he seen such a wonderful creature as stood there proudly before him.

The Delaware looked longingly upon the moose, which seemed to dare him to shoot. Never had he seen so beautiful a creature—such spreading antlers—such a huge body. He did not know that he, himself, would die if he shot the mighty moose.

Brav-o-lona thought that it would be the proudest moment in his adventurous life if he could bring down such a wonderful moose. He had only a few days before bought a weapon of which he was very proud. It was one of the talking firepieces of the Pale-faces. His comrades had laughed in his face for such folly; others had envied him. Now, as he saw this brave moose, so unconcerned, he felt that the time had come for him to prove the value of his new weapon.



*Never had Brav-o-lona seen such a wonderful  
creature—such a huge body.*

Brav-o-lona raised his "thunder piece" at this lordly animal which showed no fear. He carefully loaded the weapon and slowly raised it to his shoulder. There was no need of haste for the moose stood calmly facing him as if there were no such thing as death.

It truly seemed a shame to take the life of this animal that was so brave in its defeat. But was it defeated? The big brown monarch that might have trampled the Indian under its hoofs, slowly shook its head and appeared to be moving away.

Without delaying any longer, he glanced along the barrel of the gun and fired straight at the moose. The hunter saw the red blood spurt from a wound just back of the shoulder, but to his surprise the magnificent monarch did not fall. For a moment, it stood there, proud and unharmed.

Then the animal stumbled and seemed about to fall. But it picked itself up, and with a roar that made the earth tremble, fled towards the river, its flight as silent as the shadows that crept upon its heels.

Brav-o-lona followed the fleeing animal. He did not want it to escape, but he did not know that it was useless for him to follow. He did not know that it was the Shadow Moose. Upon reaching the river-bank the animal, without looking back, plunged into the water and swam toward the opposite shore.

The Red Man leaped into the water, too; and holding his gun high over his head to keep it dry, he swam after the fleeing moose.

The moose left a red trail of blood behind it, and was further weakened from battling the swift current of the river. It had hardly reached the land and was shaking the water from its mighty

body when Brav-o-lona struggled up the bank.

Without waiting to regain his strength after his long swim, he began to load his gun. If he had expected to see the moose fall or start to run away, he was wrong. Slowly turning its head, the animal gazed upon him with its large, sad eyes. The hunter grew excited. He wanted that moose more than anything else in the world. Hastily he aimed his gun and pulled the trigger.

The great moose bowed its head still lower, but did not show that it had felt the bullet. Suddenly, however, the moose turned and walked toward the forest.

Still determined not to lose so valuable a prize, Brav-o-lona ran after the moose. But he soon saw that he was losing the chase.

The mighty monarch seemed to fly through the air for its flight was noise-

less. The disappointed hunter returned to his tribe and told of his strange experiences with the mighty moose. The Medicine Men shook their heads. They told him he had met the Shadow Moose of the Maniteau, which was mortal on the east bank of the river and a shadow on the other. The doomed moose that had three lives to live—three deaths to die. His hand had taken the second life. Now he would die, too.

But if this slayer of the second life of the Shadow Moose trembled at the fate in store for him, he did not show it. Instead, he went about his business as if nothing unusual had taken place.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Again Winne-wa-co-nah stopped and all knew the reason why. Although they begged her to continue, she said that they must wait until the following night.



## NINETEENTH NIGHT

When the Indian listeners had gathered for the nineteenth time, Winne-wa-co-nah told them how Brav-o-lona had been killed accidentally by his own gun not long after he had shot at the Shadow Moose. Thus the second stage of the curse had been fulfilled.

Now I am going to tell you

## THE STORY OF RED WING

Many moons passed, but I cannot tell you just how many, before the Shadow Moose was seen again. Then, one day some hunters and warriors saw it enter the old Cedar Swamp. Now it was living its third and last life before it should go to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Knowing the deadly curse of the Shadow Moose, one would have expected that the warriors of the Penacooks would

have kept away from it. But such was not the case.

Among the hunters of his day, no one was so swift of foot, so cunning upon the war-trail, or so brave in battle, as Red Wing. When this warrior saw the giant moose one day, he longed to be its conqueror.

Of course the wild tales told of this outlaw from the Happy Hunting Grounds were known to him, but he only laughed at them. He began to boast that he would soon bring in this moose that every one feared.

He reasoned that if the stories were true, the Shadow Moose must meet with some different fate this time. This being so, and having met one fate by a Red Man's arrow and another by a bullet, these weapons must be as playthings to it. If he could but catch the moose in its mortal state, and it certainly was mortal

at times, why should not he be its conqueror? So thought Red Wing, and he went about his task accordingly.

Resting one day on the high rocks that overlook the Falls in the river, Red Wing was overjoyed to hear the big moose approaching. In its mortal hours the Shadow Moose roamed the forest as other wild animals.

Red Wing looked at his gun to make sure that it was ready. Then he waited for the animal to appear. Nor was he kept waiting very long.

At the sight of Red Wing the moose stopped, lifted its head high in the air, and sniffed twice. In the twinkling of an eye Red Wing aimed his gun and fired. He saw the monarch reel, like a creature hard hit. But the wounded brute recovered its strength, and bounded toward him. Red Wing, for the first time in his life, fled from a foe.



*Red Wing, for the first time in his life, fled  
from a foe.*

A friendly tree being near at hand, Red Wing began to climb to the top with the speed of a squirrel. The enraged moose halted for a moment under the tree. Then, snorting with rage, it began to paw up the earth until the oak shook and the trembling Red Man feared that he would be hurled to the ground.

This kept up for an hour, and still the moose showed no signs of ending its deadly watch. Time and again it seemed about to tear up the oak by its roots. Then Red Wing grew anxious and wished some of his comrades might appear.

In truth, two of his brother warriors had come within sight; but seeing the dreaded moose, they did not dare to come nearer.

While the moose kept shaking the oak tree until Red Wing was nearly thrown to the ground, black storm clouds began

to roll over the western sky. Soon the roaring of the maddened moose was drowned by the thunder of the heavens.

Red Wing was so frightened by the awful moose that he did not worry about the storm. Suddenly, however, a terrific bolt of lightning flashed across the skies and struck the tree in which he had climbed for safety. With a scream that could be heard for miles, Red Wing fell, and landed on the back of the moose.

The terrified watchers behind the bush in the distance knew that the third life of the moose had been taken by the vengeance of the lightning. They saw their friend fall upon the back of the maddened moose. Then the ghostly brute fled from the scene with the speed of the wind. When the storm had cleared away, the two witnesses went back to their village with the story of what they had seen.

Three hunters returning from a long chase in the mountains had halted by the gateway to the Cedar Swamp at the approach of the storm. Under the huge maple that stands there, they hoped to escape from the heavy downpour.

While they waited, they saw a mighty form, as white as the foam upon the stormy lake, come bounding past them. They instantly recognized the terrible Shadow Moose and clinging to its back in awful horror was their Chief, Red Wing.

The dense forest about Cedar Swamp seemed to open to let the strange animal and its terrified rider enter. Then it closed again without leaving a sign of their passage.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Look! See the light in the east,” cried Winne-wa-co-nah. “We must wait until to-morrow night before I tell you more.”



## TWENTIETH NIGHT

When the circle of listeners gathered the next night, Winne-wa-co-nah continued. The three hunters waited and watched by the gateway of Cedar Swamp for the return of Red Wing. But although they waited and watched until the stars came out like dazzling diamonds in the sky, they waited and watched in vain. Red Wing, the bravest of the brave, and the Shadow Moose, the doomed monarch of the woodland, never returned.

Winne-wa-co-nah paused a moment and then began the strange story of

## THE FLIGHT OF THE STONE CANOE

It was the bridal night of Wa-wa-sis, the Sachem of the Onondagas. Word had gone forth that he was to wed the wise and beautiful Oneeda. She was the

Queen of the Ojibways, a tribe noted for its beautiful women.

Many came from afar dressed for the happy occasion. Steaming steaks of venison, large chunks of bear meat, and tempting bits of beavers' tails were being cooked. Berries and roasted corn were in readiness. Fish and delicious corn-bread were heaped upon the great flat stone that served as a table. What a feast that was!

Warriors and hunters, old men and young, children and women, all dressed in their best finery and paint and oils, had gathered that night. Then the Queen of the night, fair Oneeda, stepped from her wigwam. She was joined by the proud Wa-wa-sis, the most fortunate Sachem from the Valley of the Susquehanna. He wore now his chieftain's robe of feathers. In all the land, there was not one his equal.

Oneeda was escorted by two maidens from her tribe, while in the circle around the fire of peace, sat her father and chosen watchers from her own tribe. Wa-wa-sis was also well represented.

The simple ceremony which made them according to Indian terms, man and wife, soon followed. Then came the wedding feast—and such a feast! Its praise is still sung to this day.

After the forest festival came the dancing and merry-making such as had never been seen in the camp of the Onondagas.

Oneeda sat apart from the gay party and laughed and cried while her friends stood by clapping their hands and shouting their joy.

But when Wa-wa-sis came to look for his bride, Oneeda, she was dead! He spoke to her, but she did not reply. He took her hand in his. It was cold. Her eyes did not look into his as they had a short

time before. He leaned over and kissed her, but she did not move. When the sad cries of Wa-wa-sis were heard, the joy of the party suddenly turned to sorrow. There was weeping and wailing. You say the Red Man has no heart; that he looks on the dead and is cold. But you are wrong, all wrong.

There was only sadness in the village during the three days that Oneeda was given burial rites. Three days were these sad rites performed, and sacrifices made. But even then Wa-wa-sis did not cease to weep for his departed bride. By sunshine and by moonlight he sat and watched by the grave of his lost love. In vain the gray-headed chieftains urged him to join in the chase, that he might forget. In vain did the warriors of his tribe beg him to go with them on the hunt.

They laid his war-club and his bow and arrows by his side. They sang to

him of warlike deeds done by him and the former chiefs of his tribe. But in vain, for he flung back his weapons and heeded not their war-songs.

By her silent grave he stayed and wept until one fair day he saw, or seemed to see, the bright light of the Spirit Land. Before him lay a white stone canoe. As he stepped into it, the canoe seemed to float through the air as if by some magic charm. Farther and farther, faster and faster it flew.

He stood there in the white stone canoe that was carrying him toward the land where loving spirits are never parted; and where sorrow is unknown. He forgot the rare and wondrous things of this earth; he forgot the joys of his young life. The forests seemed to grow brighter; the flowers became more beautiful; and the birds began to sing more sweetly.

The canoe finally came to rest beside a gate that led through a vale of shining gold. As he stepped to the ground, he was met by an old man with long white hair, who invited him to enter and rest.

“I know your wish,” the old man said. “This is the gateway to the Land of Souls. Leave your arrows and your bow with me. They will be safe until you return. Do you see out there where the blue hills rise higher and higher? There lies the Land of Souls.”

Wa-wa-sis thanked the old man and started forward. But instead of walking, he seemed to be floating through the air like a shadowy cloud before an April breeze. The birds flew by on shining wings; and their songs were the echoes of joy. The timid deer looked out with fearless eye as he passed. He knew that at last he was in the land where



ALEXANDER KEY

*The stone canoe carried Wa-wa-sis to the  
Land of Souls.*

there is no death. On and on he sped—silently, swiftly—surrounded by ghosts; seeing and yet not seeing; knowing and yet not knowing; on and on until he came to the shore of a phantom lake.

There he found his white stone canoe waiting for him. In it was sitting his lost bride, looking more beautiful than ever. It was touching to see their happy meeting once more. Then they started forth in the canoe for a distant island which set like a gem of gold in the middle of the bright blue lake.

High leaped the waves, brighter grew the shores of the island as they rode lightly onward into the west. Everywhere spirit voices could be heard singing, "Here summer ever reigns. There is no hunger, no sorrow, no sleepless nights, no weary trails. There is no death, there are no tears, fair skies for-

ever shine, bright flowers forever bloom,  
and love is supreme."

"Here let me remain," begged the youth, "on this happy shore, living forever with you, my dear one, where sorrow will never be known."

"Let me remain. . . ." But hardly had he spoken these words before a sweet, low voice replied, "Thou must return to thy people."

\* \* \* \* \*

Winne-wa-co-nah stopped suddenly, and looked at the Sachem as if to say, "Look; the dawn is breaking. We must wait."

"We shall wait until to-morrow night, Tripping Tongue, if we must," said Passa-con-away sadly.



## TWENTY-FIRST NIGHT

The next night Winne-wa-co-nah continued. "Sachem," began the voice from the trees, "return to thy native land. Take back thy mortal form, and join thy people. They need thee. Listen to the words of the old man at the gate. He will tell thee what to do. Thy time has not yet come. There is work for thee to do; find it; and when at last you are called, thy loving bride will be waiting for thee at the gate. Go; and when thou art old and have led thy warriors on many a trail, I will call thee. Farewell."

The chief awoke to find that he had been dreaming of the Happy Land beyond the reach of any mortal. The forest stood around him. His warriors were calling to him. There was something for him to do.

So he arose firmly from the grave of his buried hopes, from the grave of his love, and wiped away the tears which made his eyes dim. With a proud, firm step, resolved to hope and

battle for his race, he went forward to join his people again.

Winne-wa-co-nah looked about her as she drew her story to a close. She saw that in speaking of the Happy Lands she had held her listeners spell-bound. They had been eager to learn all they could of the Great Beyond. Even now they were silent. She hesitated a moment and then began a new story:

## THE PROPHET OF THE PINES

On a high hill in the land of Ravenna stand two pine trees. Seen when the golden rays of the setting sun strike them, a beautiful halo surrounds the taller one. As this spirit light deepens, the shadow of the shorter tree falls across the shadow of its mate until a perfect cross is made. Then one can hear in the whisperings of the pines as the autumn wind gives them speech, this tale which the Prophet of the Pines has told and retold many times.

The leaves of the maple had already

begun to turn red and gold in the autumn sun, when one day a lone white man dragged himself from the forest and paused under the two pines. His step was heavy like one who has come far. There was a hunted look on his face as if he were trying to escape from some one. The black flowing robe of this stranger was badly torn. In his right hand he carried a small golden cross which shone with the brightness of the sun.

He halted, unable to go farther, and pressed the cross to his lips. As he did so, a beautiful light settled on his kindly features. Then, clasping his hands together, and still holding the golden crucifix over his head, he sank upon his knees. His lips moved, though no sound came forth. He was thus engaged when a band of shadows stole from out of the forest and surrounded him!

The hunted priest, who had strayed far from his people, now looked up to find himself in the midst of the savage Red Men. But he showed no sign of fear, though his lips moved faster and he lifted the golden cross a little higher.

With wild yells of hate, the Red Men threw themselves upon him. They robbed him of his beloved cross and fastened him to one of the pines. Then the warriors hastened on their journey to their campfires, leaving him there under the pine to the mercy of the hungry wolves in the forest.

The poor white father scarcely heard the sound of the retreating steps of the warriors for his heart was filled with sorrow. He certainly did not hear the approach of the Indian Princess. Her footfall gave back no more sound than a falling leaf as she drew near the hopeless captive. She swiftly loosened the

ropes that bound him and stood there before him. He must have thought she was an angel from the great Sky Wig-wam of the Father, for he did not open his lips until she said:

“Fear not, I am Nia-mana, the chief’s daughter. I have set the Pale-face free. See! his hands are no longer bound. Here is food for him to eat that he may speedily go a long way beyond the trails of Ravena.” As she said these words she gave him pounded maize, and stood by while he ate it. He was indeed thankful, for he had not eaten for a long time.

“Good Nia-mana, you have saved my life,” he said. “I was weak and worn with fighting the terrors of the wilderness. I would surely have died if you had not come here to rescue me. In return, I will tell you the great secret of life and show you how you may not only be saved for this life but for the next.”



*“Fear not, I am Nia-mana, the chief’s daughter.  
I have set the Pale-face free.”*

His words fell sweetly on her ears. While she listened to his wonderful story, she believed, and she felt herself drawn very near to him.

“Fair child of the woods,” he said, “come with me that I may teach you  
      ”

Here the holy man stopped short, for the chief and his party had suddenly reappeared at the foot of the hill. He had missed Nia-mana and had returned to search for her. In a moment he understood it all—the freedom of the Pale-face captive—Nia-mana’s guilt in freeing him.

Have you seen the fury of the autumn gale? Have you seen the wild desolation the north wind brings to the fields? If you have, then you know something of Ravena’s anger. When he stamped his foot, the earth trembled; and when he frowned, the sky turned black!

“Is this the way Nia-mana repays her father for all his care, his silent hopes, and his love? Now feel his anger, which shall be sharper than the arrows of his quiver and more dreadful than the storm of winter.”

Ravena ordered his warriors to bind the white priest again to a bigger pine. Then, with his own hands, he tied Nia-mana to the other growing nearby, exclaiming as he carefully tied the last knot:

“Remain here until another sun rises so that hereafter you may know how to obey your father.”

Then it was that the white man spoke, and his words frightened the Red Man into silence:

“O Chief, beware! There is One Who will call you to account for what you are now doing. In yonder setting

sun I read your doom; in yonder cloud  
I see the darkness of your fate."

Just then a deafening crash in the sky  
drowned the words of the white priest.  
And as the sound rolled away over the  
very hilltops towards the mountains, the  
chief and his warriors fled.

Ravena alone had the courage to look  
back. As he did so, he saw that the white  
man was looking up toward the angry  
sky and the rising storm which had come  
most unexpectedly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Winne-wa-co-nah stopped. The fate of Nia-  
mana, the chief's beautiful daughter and the  
white priest must be left till another story-  
telling.



## TWENTY-SECOND NIGHT

"Last night we left the Indian maiden and the pale-faced priest at the mercy of the storm," began Winne-wa-co-nah. Her listeners had circled about her once more at the close of another long day spent in hunting, fishing and mending of nets and making of arrows.

The storm which raged for two hours or more was the worst that even the oldest of the Red Men had ever seen. In the morning when Ravenna dared to return to the hill to look for his daughter, lo! neither she nor the priest was to be seen. Though Ravenna searched everywhere, no trace of the two could be found. But each day at the hour when the red chief left his daughter and the priest to the mercy of the storm, the lengthening shadows of the pines make the sign of the cross upon the hillside. There the sunlight seems to linger on that holy spot long after it has died from the neighboring hills.

Now I will tell you about

## THE STORY OF KLOSE-KOM-BAU

In the beginning, the Great Spirit gave the earth four seeds. From these have sprung man, beast, fish and fowl. The greatest of these was the beast. He was made big and mighty. The least power was given to man. So man was ruled over by the animals.

The Great Spirit said unto the animals: "Power is mighty. For it, animals will struggle. Against it, the weak will fall. You should rule with care and judgment. Remember the smallest creature has as much right to live and be happy as you have."

But one and all soon forgot the warning. They fought among themselves. Man suffered more than all the rest.

At last, seeing his mistake in giving power to the animals, the Great Spirit

decided to rearrange his whole plan. He called his servant Klose-kom-bau and said in a sad voice:

“Klose-kom-bau, man shall no longer be ruled by the animals. Hereafter, man shall be the King of the Earth and the Sea and the Air.

“Par-sar-do-kep-piart, the mammoth, must step down from his high place. The deer, the bear, the salmon, the eagle, the beaver—no, not even a single creature shall come at the call of the mammoth. There will be much weeping for this loss of power, but it must come. The animals have not ruled fairly and they must suffer. Great will be the hour when the power shall be gone from the brute to the man. Now, I hope all will be peaceful.”

The first work given Klose-kom-bau was to tell the animals of their loss of power. Then he was to clear the earth, for you must remember no creature had

offered to remove a stick or had worked together to help each other. Without work, the world would soon be a place where no one could live.

Klose-kom-bau went to tell the mammoth that he was no longer to be the King of the Animals. At last he found the fearful brute, with a back the shape of a half-moon and covered with coarse hair that looked like the dead trees on the mountain top. When he was told that man was to be the new King, he roared:

“Who says so?” He stamped his foot and shook his terrible head in the air. “An enemy to man I have always been, and an enemy I am still. His weapons cannot pierce my skin; his voice is that of a small insect that annoys me but cannot stop me.”

“The thickness of your hide cannot protect you. I shall go to the Great Spirit for his help, for you are no longer



*Par-sar-do-kep-piart, the Terrible Mammoth.*

the King," replied Klose-kom-bau. Then he called upon the Great Spirit for help to rid the earth of this brute.

At once a large, black cloud overspread the sky. Par-sar-do-kep-piart, the terrible mammoth, was torn to pieces by the lightning, while his howls of rage were drowned by the thunder.

Then Klose-kom-bau made a birch-bark canoe and started out to clear the rivers and lakes of the dead and other things. They had been choked up through the long, long space of moons, and were now overflowing the land.

Klose-kom-bau had two faithful wolf dogs to help him, but nothing more, for he did not want to call upon the Great Spirit again. He followed down the rivers, clearing them of the trees and logs that had choked them. It was a slow task for one person to do.

When he came upon the beavers whose

houses of logs blocked his way, he battled them manfully. The King of Beavers had the wisdom of his race. He fought Klose-kom-bau where the waters rushed the wildest, and the rocks stuck up like huge teeth. Never was such a battle fought before. Then, in fear and desperation, Klose-kom-bau began to tear up mountains and fling them upon the beavers.

The mightiest of beavers swam toward the sea, shouting to Klose-kom-bau to follow if he dared. He wisely did not, but he kept throwing the rocks. Many of the rocks flattened the tails of the beavers when they fell so that even to this day the beavers all have flat tails. The rocks that did not hit the beavers, fell into the water and, even to-day may be seen along the rocky coast of Maine.

The King of the Beavers fought for his rights. But Klose-kom-bau seized a

tall and mighty pine and pushed him back inland. The Beaver King knew that he was beaten now and ran into a hole in the bank of a river. There he still lives.

Only Atosis, the sea serpent, was left to conquer. Klose-kom-bau feared this enemy greatly, for his magic arrows could not pierce the serpent's thick scales. Finally, in despair, he called upon the Great Spirit to send him help once more.

The Great Spirit heard his prayer. Suddenly a great woodpecker, much larger than had ever been seen before, appeared.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Winne-wa-co-nah paused, for the day was beginning to break.



## TWENTY-THIRD NIGHT

Winne-wa-co-nah continued on the following night as her listeners drew around her in silence. Klose-kom-bau was in great danger, for he was at the mercy of Atosis, the serpent.

“Why don’t you shoot me,” laughed the serpent, as the god’s magic arrows broke harmlessly against the sides of Atosis. “Shoot me!” and his awful eyes came nearer and nearer.

With a shrill cry of triumph, the great woodpecker flew at the serpent. His mighty beak hit the serpent’s tail and broke it in two. Then the big bird, with another blow of its beak, broke the monster’s neck. Never was there such a rumbling and shaking as stirred the earth when Atosis died.

The rocky coast of Maine near the mouth of the Penobscot River still bears the fancied resemblance to Atosis, the dreaded serpent.

“Now,” said Winne-wa-co-nah, as a dark cloud rolled over the moon, and her listeners sat around her waiting, “I am going to tell you the Seneca legend of their thunder god and the beginning of the mighty Niagara.”

## THE STORY OF NIAGARA

These people had many gods. Among them was Hinu, the Thunder God, who was very friendly to the Red Men. One day Hinu asked one of the Senecas if he would like to join the gods of the air. The Indian accepted willingly. Then he was taken up into the air many times the height of the trees. There he found the gods living in a village of their own.

When asked by Hinu, who seemed to be the head chief, if he could see a water serpent below, he replied, "No."

A peculiar ointment was then spread over his eyes, and again he was told to look. This time he did see a huge serpent stretched across the valley.

"Shoot him," said Hinu. "My men have tried and failed. He is the foe of man."

The hunter, who was very skillful,

took aim with his bow and arrow and let fly right into the heart of the serpent. The monster roared with pain as he squirmed and struggled for a long time, but at last he died.

“You have killed him!” exclaimed Hinu excitedly. “We are the gods of the clouds, the kings of the storm with its thunder and lightning. To show you that we are friendly, we will now take you back safely to earth, and if ever you need help from Hinu, the Thunderer, make your wishes known.”

Now, it so happened that Kin-oná, the great Sachem of the Senecas, had a beautiful daughter named Sehoya. She had many lovers. One of them was an old, but powerful chief who had seen Sehoya and wanted her to keep his wigwam in order. So he asked her father for her. Kin-oná thought that such a marriage would help him greatly, so he told the

old man he could have her for his wife.

Upon learning this, Sehoya wept. She went to her father and told him she could not marry the old and wrinkled chief because she did not love him. Instead, she wanted to marry a certain young warrior whom she loved dearly.

At that time a dreadful sickness was raging among the Senecas. The old chief had told Kin-oná that he would give him some medicine that would stop this sickness, if Sehoya became his wife. Kin-oná promised that this should take place, and would not listen to the pleadings of his daughter that she did not love the old chief.

That afternoon Sehoya decided to run away from her people, even if she lost her life. Would it not be better to die a sudden and honorable death than to die a lingering death from sorrow?

She launched her canoe upon the same stream that the Thunder God had caused to flow after the serpent had been killed. Once she had started on her downward course there was no hope for her. The roaring of the mighty river drowned all other sounds, and the current grew stronger and stronger. There was weeping and moaning as her people saw her drifting towards the awful falls, but not one dared to try and save her. No one could.

Sehoya began to sing and braid her hair, happy to think she was beyond the reach of the old man whom she hated so. Then, in the midst of her flight, when the roaring of the water had become terrific, a cloud spread over her. She and her canoe were lifted out of the water and borne swiftly away.

When her reason returned, she found herself in a big cavern kept by a mighty

god whom she soon learned was Hinu, the God of Thunder.

“Do not be alarmed, sweet maiden, I am your friend. You may stay here. I will teach you many things.”

So the Indian maid lived happily in the garden of the gods.

One day Hinu came to Sehoya and told her that the ugly old chief who had wanted to marry her, was dead and that now she could return to her home.

“Tell your people that a big serpent lives in the earth under your village. He comes out of his den and poisons the water so that those who drink it, die. Advise them to move to a new place. Your people will be so glad to see you; all will be forgiven. Do as I have told you and it will be well with you and your people.”

Sehoya returned to her village, where her people were very glad to see her once



A.K.

*Sehoya and her canoe were lifted out of the water and carried to the Land of the Gods.*

more. They thought that she had been lost in the Falls of Niagara. No one was happier to see her return than her young lover. It was not long before they were married.

When the serpent continued to poison her people, she told them all that Hinu had told her. She said that it would be well for them to move.

The tribe moved as she had directed. For a time they seemed to have escaped the sickness. By and by, however, the serpent followed them.

Again, one by one, the people died. Children died, and old women and men fell sick. No one was spared, or would be spared, until the entire village was destroyed.

Hinu had left Sehoya directions where he could be found in case he was needed. So she set forth to find him.

When at last she found him, she told

him how the serpent had followed her people again and was destroying them faster than ever.

“I will see what I can do for you, fair maiden,” replied Hinu. Then he went outside and lay in wait for the monster until at last he saw him coming down to the water to drink.

Hinu sent a mighty thunderbolt against the serpent, but the monster only laughed and kept on.

“O Hinu! he has escaped you!” shouted Sehoya in despair.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Winne-wa-co-nah suddenly stopped. Her listeners sat with mouths wide open.

“Go on,” said Passa-con-away. “Go on, fair maid. I am listening.”

“To-morrow night,” replied Winne-wa-co-nah smilingly.



## TWENTY-FOURTH NIGHT

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long, O mighty Chief," began Winne-wa-connah the following night. "Your patience is remarkable."

Hinu, the Thunder God, finding that his first thunderbolt had not killed the terrible serpent, sent another and another into the creature's side. The very earth shook, and all the people were much alarmed. At last, after many attacks, he killed the terrible enemy of man.

"I have conquered," shouted Hinu. "Now let your people lay him out."

When this had been done, it was found that the monster's body was over twenty arrow flights in length. He reached out so that he crossed the water; and as he floated down the stream, it was as if a mountain had shut out the sunlight.

The carcass was too large to slide over the rocky rapids, so it became wedged in between the stony teeth. The weight of the huge crea-

ture even crushed the boulders and thus Niagara Falls retains the shape of the new moon to this day. But no more did fever and disease destroy the Senecas as in the moons gone before.

Now I am going to tell you a strange story.

## THE STORY OF THE WERE WOLF

Whence came this story no one knows. No man knows if it is true. No man knows if it is false. No man ever saw the Were Wolf and lived to tell of it.

It is midnight upon the plain. It is midnight in the wilderness. It is midnight upon the mountains. It is midnight in the valley. It is midnight in the Red Man's home. Everywhere out of doors it is midnight. Everywhere within doors it is midnight—and such a midnight!

The North Wind sweeps down from the mountains, bringing with it snow—

snow—snow! Such a snow! Such a wind! Such a storm!

The mighty pine creaks and groans. The maple cries and moans. The elm turns and twists. The oak, which has outlived hundreds of its comrades, shakes and roars its hatred of the wind, of the snow, of the storm! It is angry with the storm. It is angry with the night. It is angry with itself! When was there ever such a night? When was there ever such a storm?

Within the Red Man's wigwam a boy cries. It may be because of the storm. He may be sick.

“Hush, my naughty boy. The Were Wolf will get thee. The Were Wolf never fails.”

\* \* \* \*

Into the storm and the snow went Ma-qua. He had come far that day. He



*The Were Wolf of Wild Waters.*

was tired. He had evil thoughts in his mind. It may have been because he was tired.

In the valley it was black—black as only a stormy night can be. Then, suddenly, it became light, very light!

What does the light mean?

Under the huge beech tree which had no business to grow there, Maqua uttered a cry. He had seen, or he thought he had seen a huge form crouching in its branches. Then, as a panther springs at the throat of its victim, a Were Wolf springs from its hiding place upon the winter wings of the storm.

The storm has made the Wolf fierce. The sight of a man has made the Wolf hungry. The Were Wolf is taller than a man. The Were Wolf is stronger than ten men. The Were Wolf is fiercer than a hundred warriors. The Were Wolf is mightier than a thousand chiefs. He is

the Were Wolf of Wild Waters! He comes; he goes. He may be in yonder bush. He may be in the heart of the great oak. No man ever found the body of Maqua. No man ever missed Maqua.

The story of the Were Wolf was told around the camp-fires of the Red Men, until the bravest trembled.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Have you the Were Wolf among your people?” Passa-con-away asked Winne-wa-co-nah.

“O Sachem! he is found only among people who have been bad.”

“Need the Penacooks fear him, Winne-wa-co-nah?”

“So long as you are honorable in your wars, you have nothing to fear,” said the Princess. “And now a new day sends its arrows of light into the dark corners. My story of the Were Wolf must end now. To-morrow I will tell you more.”

“You have taught us well, Tripping Tongue, we and the captives will wait.”



## TWENTY-FIFTH NIGHT

I have told you the story of the Were Wolf because of the lesson it brings home to your hearts. Foolish parents tell it to their children to hush their noise at night and make them quiet. If it does them good, I cannot say. If it does them harm, I do not know it.

The Wolf is not dead. Let him live! But let us remember he does not harm those who do not harm him. He is the leader of wickedness.

Now, O great Sachem Passa-con-away, you have listened so patiently to my stories, I am going to tell you a tale told by the wise women of the Creek nation. I shall call it

## THE STORY ORREL-ANA

In that land where dwell the Creek people, is a mighty stream of water running down to the sea. It is there that the river makes its plunge over the rocks

and around the winding curves. There Tucka-batchie, the village of the Greeks, stood. The floors and roofs of their homes were made of the reeds from the river. Tucka-batchie was the capital of the Creek nation. Tucka-batchie was the Holy Ground of the Greeks.

There one could see forests of giant trees, sweetened by the perfume of the grape and the flowers that seemed to climb to the top of the tallest tree.

Suddenly one day a storm broke over this peaceful village—such a storm as comes only before the harvest moon. The River Tala-poo-sa was already overflowing its banks. The thunder of its mighty waters, as it hurled itself down the rocky rapids, silenced the sound of human voice.

But the Greeks did not fear the storm. They had seen other storms just as fierce. Only Orrel-ana was afraid. She was the

old chieftain's daughter, the beautiful Princess Orrel-ana. Three times since sunset had she gone to the door and looked out into the gathering darkness and the angry storm.

Yes, she was beautiful! Her dark hair fell down her back in two long braids. About her throat she wore a string of pearls, as soft and white as clouds upon a summer's day. Her long fringed leather dress, brightened by many colored beads, was so long that it nearly covered her beaded leggings. Upon her small feet she wore pretty little moccasins. Never was there a more beautiful princess than Orrel-ana, fairest of the Greeks.

"It is *his* night!" she murmured for the third time. "I wonder if he will come."

Her heart beat rapidly as she asked herself the question again and again, afraid that he would come, and afraid that he would not.

“He cannot do it!” she cried. “He cannot do it!”

A heavy peal of thunder followed a bright flash of lightning. The storm was close at hand.

“He cannot do it; he must not try it!” Yet, as she said these words, she watched and listened.

“Hark! I hear him!”

Above the roar of the water; above the roar of the thunder; she heard, or imagined she heard, his voice calling for help.

“He has come!” she cried, and ran swiftly down to the river bank.

She shouted his name again and again. But no answer.

“Hark! There he is again! It is *his* voice! He is swimming the mad water! He cannot do it! He cannot do it!”

People began to gather about her. It is surprising how quickly a crowd will gather. One hundred—two hundred—

and more were soon collected upon the bank of the river.

Two hundred to wait and watch, but not a single person to help. Nobody *could* help. It was too dark to see the swimmer, the current too strong for a man to swim against it. And now the rain began to beat down.

Then Orrel-ana saw a dark object—a great tree, torn from the river bank, being carried rapidly down the stream. No one had to tell her what it might mean. She knew. It would be drawn into the middle of the river just as her lover would reach the center of the stream, if he lived to reach it. Then he would be pulled into the current made by this big tree and carried over the waterfall below.

Orrel-ana no longer heard the thunder of heaven, nor saw the lightning flash across the sky. She was running swiftly

up the bank of the river now. Two, three; yes, it might have been four arrow flights above her, was a canoe. She pushed it into the wild stream and jumped in. The canoe was swept down the river like an egg shell. How the storm roared! How the river roared! How dark it was growing! How blindly she was paddling!

Orrel-ana steered a downward course across the river which was carrying her rapidly with its current. On she sped until she came close to the twisting, turning tree which was now approaching the falls.

She was looking for her lover—trying to pierce the darkness that hung over the water. She shouted his name. Finally, a faint answer came back to her.

He was living, still struggling in his fight against the raging river.

How she did it, she could not tell!

But she found him, more dead than alive, and pulled him into her canoe.

“Saved!” she murmured. But were they safe? She found the battle was just beginning. Coming down the stream had been mere child’s play—but going back? Well, if you did not see Orrelana’s battle that night, in the dark, in the storm, against the current of the mighty river, you do not know what a battle is.

Slowly strength came back to her lover. He seized a paddle, too, and helped to keep the canoe from being dashed over the falls. It was a battle of life and death.

\* \* \* \* \*

A faint streak of bright light was showing in the east. But for some reason unknown to her at the time, Winne-wa-co-nah kept on until her story was finished.



*Orrel-ana was looking for her lover.*

Amid the flashing of the lightning, the roaring of the thunder and the noise of the roaring river, the two succeeded at last in driving the light canoe back to the bank of the river. It had been a long, fearful fight against death. But they had conquered.

I am glad to tell you that they were married the next day amid the cheers of their many friends; and for many years they ruled in happiness over the Creeks.

“Now, good Passa-con-away,” said Winne-wa-co-nah, turning to the great Sachem, “I must throw myself and my friends upon your mercy. Deal kindly with us as you would with your brothers and sisters.”

“Fair Princess,” replied the Sachem, speaking more gently than he ever had before and unmindful of the crowd about him. “Your charming stories have enchanted me. I have listened to thy words,

as the morning sun drinks in the pearly dewdrops from the flowers. Will you be my wife? Your love will brighten and lighten my lonely days as the spring rain brightens the frozen ground of winter."

Tripping Tongue may have been expecting this, for she may have been wiser than we. In reply she placed her hand lovingly in his.

That day the greatest wedding feast ever known in the Merrimac valley was held. The six captive men were sent back under escort to their people, and for many, many years, war was ended between the Mohawks and the Pennacooks.

And so endeth this series of Indian Night's Entertainments.



## INDIAN NAMES AND MEANINGS

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**ABNAKI.** Āb-nä'-kē. Means "East Land" or "Morning Land." The Abnakis belonged to the Algonquins and were to be found along the Atlantic Coast, but principally in the State of Maine.

**ALGONQUINS.** Āl-góñ'-quïns. Means "At the Place of Spearing Fish." The Algonquins were originally a small tribe located near the present site of Ottawa on the Ottawa River in Canada, but later the name of Algonquin was applied to a large number of tribes speaking the Algonquin language. They occupied a more extended area than any other tribe in North America, reaching from Newfoundland to the Rocky Mountains, and from Canada down to North Carolina.

**AMER-SCOGGINS.** Āmĕr-scög'-gïns. Means "A Fishing Place On the River." These Indians lived on the banks of the Androscoggin River in the State of Maine.

**AMIL-QUAKES.** Āmil'-quāks. These Indians were a tribe of the Amer-scoggins living on the Kennebec River in Maine.

**ATOSIS.** Ā-tē-sïs. Means "Snake" or "Serpent."

ATTO-TAR-HO. Āt-tō-tär'-hō. Means "He Refused to Surrender." The title Atto-tar-ho was an hereditary chiefship in the Bear Clan of the Onondagas and was handed down from father to son very much like the office of King in a European country.

BRAVE LANDS. This was the name that the Penacooks gave to their camping grounds.

CREEKS. Crēks. The name Creeks is an English name that was given to the largest division of the Muskhogean Indians because of the numerous streams in the country that they occupied.

DELAWARES. Dēl-a-wārs. This was another English name that was given to the Indians, formerly the most important of the Algonquian stock, who lived in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and Delaware near the Delaware River that had been named after Lord Delaware.

GENESEE. Gēn"-e-sē'. Means "There It Has Fine Banks." These were a tribe of Senecas living in upper New York State near the Genesee River.

HAPPY HUNTING GROUND. This was the Indian name for Heaven.

HURON. Hū'-rōn. This name was derived from the French "huré" and was used to denote a villain or an unkempt person. They were a part of the Iroquois Nation and lived in Canada near Lake Huron.

**KENEWA.** Kĕn'-ē-wă. He was an ancient hero of the Penacooks.

**KENNEBEC.** Kĕn'-e-bĕc. Means "At the Long Water." This was an Abnaki tribe living in Maine near the Kennebec River which was named after the Indians.

**LOX.** Lĕx. This was the Indian name for the sly animal known as the wolverine, but was used by the Abnakis to denote a sly mythical character who had powers for good or evil.

**MAIZE.** Măz. This was the Indian name for corn which had probably been introduced into the United States from Mexico long before the coming of the White Man.

**MASSASOIT.** Maš'-a-sōit''. Means "Great Chief." He was the principal chief of the Wampanoags who roamed the forests of Massachusetts and Rhode Island at the time of the landing of the Pilgrims. He was more noted for peace than war. The Massasoit in these legends was a less noted chief of the same name.

**MELICITE.** Mĕl'-i-cit. One of the Abnaki tribes.

**MERRIMACK.** Mĕr'-i-măc. Means "Deep River." The Abnaki name for a river in Maine.

**MITSI-MANITEAU.** Mĭt'-sē Măn'-i-tō. It was the Indian name for God or Great Spirit.

**MOHAWK.** Mō'-hăk. Means "Man-Eaters."

They were the most easterly tribe of the Iroquois Confederacy and lived for the most part near the valley of the Mohawk River in central New York State.

**MOHEGAN.** Mō-hē'-gān. Means "Wolf." They were an Algonquin tribe whose original chief seat, or capital, was near the present site of New London, Connecticut.

**OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.** Two important Indian legends tell about this stone face in the mountains of New Hampshire, made famous by Hawthorne's tale of THE GREAT STONE FACE. The first of the Indian versions is that of Pemigewasset, a Sachem, who married a Mohawk captive. Later she received his permission to return to her native land to see her father, who was dying. The chief was not able to go with her, but said that he would watch from the top of the mountain for her return. But his beautiful bride never returned because she was treacherously murdered by a former lover. Pemigewasset watched and waited in vain for her on the mountain top, until finally the Great Spirit took him to the Happy Hunting Ground and set his face in granite against the side of the mountain as a silent watcher over the valley. The second version is the "Pipe of Peace" which is told in this book.

**OJIBWAYS.** O-jib'-wā. Means "To Roast Till Puckered Up." (This refers to the puckered

seam on their moccasins.) They were sometimes known as the Chippewas and constituted one of the largest tribes north of Mexico. Their range was formally along both shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior and extending across Minnesota to North Dakota.

ONONDAGAS. Ōn-ōn-dō'-gās. Means "On top of the mountain." They were an important tribe of the Iroquois Confederation, and lived on the mountains in the present Onondaga County, New York State.

ORREL-ANA. Orāl-ä'-na. Means "Most Beautiful One."

ORREL-O-NA. Orāl-ō'-nā. Means "Very Beautiful One."

OS-SIP-EE. Ōs-sip'-ē. Means "A Lake Formed by the Enlargement of a River." The Os-sip-ee River and Lake are in the State of New Hampshire.

PAR-SAR-DO-KEP-PIART. Pār-sār-dō-kēp'-piart. This was the Indian name for the huge mammoth, a kind of elephant with enormous tusks that lived in North America. It has long since been extinct.

PASSA-CON-AWAY. Pă'-să-cōn'-ă-wāy. Means "The Bear." He was one of the most famous and powerful Sachems in New England. His headquarters was near the present site of Concord, New Hampshire. He was not only noted

as a great leader, but was feared as a man of magic, for it was believed he could cause the trees to dance, the waters to burn, and even the rocks to move. He was finally converted to Christianity by the Apostle Eliot and remained a staunch friend of the English from 1644 until his death at an extreme old age.

**PEM-IG-E-WASSET.** Pěm-i-jē-wä'-sět. Means "Swift Current." This was the name given to the stream that flowed through the Franconia Notch, New Hampshire.

**PENACOOK.** Pěn'-à-coōk. Means "At the Bottom of the Hill." They were a confederacy of Algonquian tribes that occupied the valley of the Merrimack River in New Hampshire.

**PENOBCOT.** Pē-nöb'-sköt. An Algonquin name for a river in Maine. There was also a tribe of the Abnakis who lived near this River who were called by the same name.

**SACO.** Sác'-ō. This is an abbreviation of Sokoki, and means "People at the Outlet." It is one of the important rivers in the State of Maine. The river received its name from the Sokoki Indians living upon its banks.

**SENECA.** Sěn'-ē-kā. Means "Place of the Stone." They were a prominent and influential tribe of the Iroquois, and originally occupied that portion of New York State between Seneca Lake and the Geneva River.

**SHADOW MOOSE.** The story of the Shadow

Moose was a popular one in many different tribes of Indians. The story in this book is a combination of three legends. It begins with the Abnaki tale describing when the animals were the rulers of the world. The second part, where the Shadow Moose meets his second fate, is a Delaware legend. The final episode in the life of the Shadow Moose has been taken from a well-known Penacook legend.

**SILVER FOX.** This was one of the legends of the Delaware Indians but was told by many other tribes of Red Men.

**SOKOKI.** Sō-kō'-kē. Means "People at the Outlet." This was the name given to the Indians living at the place where the Saco River in Maine pours its rushing waters out into the Atlantic Ocean.

**TALA-POO-SA.** Tăl-ă-poo-să. This is a comprehensive name for all the Creek towns and tribes located on the Talapoosa River, in the State of Alabama.

**TARRATINES.** Tăr'-ă-tēns. This was the name that the Puritans gave to a tribe of Abnakis living in New England.

**TUCKA-BATCHIE.** Tăc-ă-băt'-chē. One of the principal villages of the Creek Indians located on the Talapoosa River.

**WAMPUM.** Wam'-pūm. Means "Strings of White Shell Beads." This was an Algonquin word used in the East to denote the strings of beads

made from clam shells, which were used for embroidery and as a kind of money. The Beads were usually either white or purple for they were most commonly made from the shells of the round hard-shell clam. In the story of the Titan of the North, the Wampum Belt was a message from one people to another.

**WERE WOLF.** This was a European tale of Fear that was quickly adopted by the superstitious Indian, and often told and retold by Mothers wishing to frighten their children into obedience.

**WHITE GODDESS.** This was a legend of the Mohawk. In many tribes of Indians affairs of Peace and War were referred to a body of women, for even in that early day they believed in women's wisdom.

**WINNE-WA-CO-NAH.** *Win-ē'-wā-cō"-nah.* Means "Beautiful Daughter."







